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By Ralph Edmonds
+ James Taylor

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A SELECTION

OF

SACRED POETRY,

CONSISTING OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FROM

WATTS, DODDRIDGE, MERRICK, SCOTT, COWPER,
BARBAULD, STEELE, AND OTHERS.

GOD is the King of all the earth; sing ye praises with
understanding. *Ps. xlvii. 7.*

THE THIRD EDITION.
WITH AN APPENDIX. ✓

Ralph Eddowes to James Taylor

Philadelphia :

R. H. SMALL, No. 165 CHESTNUT STREET.

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PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

ANOTHER edition of the following "Selection of Sacred Poetry" having been called for, occasion has been taken to make a few corrections, and to add forty hymns as an Appendix, which it is hoped will be deemed an improvement. An extra number of copies of the Appendix will be printed, to which will be attached a list of the alterations from the first edition, so that those persons who are already in possession of that edition may easily make the necessary corrections.

As the names of the original authors are in most instances prefixed to the hymns, it is proper again to repeat that in several of

them alterations have been made; principally by preceding compilers; on this account these alterations cannot be specified, nor is this deemed of much importance; for it is believed that, in its present form, the Selection now published will not be found to contain any thing calculated to give offence or uneasiness to serious persons, to whatever denomination of christians they belong. Should this persuasion be well founded, the compilers will have cause of thankfulness; for something will have been done to promote christian harmony; that “with one mind and one mouth all may glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Philadelphia, }
September 6th, 1828. }

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A SELECTION
OF
SACRED POETRY, &c.

PART I.

Christian Worship, and the Lord's Day.

1. C. M. WATTS.

The privilege of public worship.

- 1 THE LORD in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there ;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad :
Wherever we assemble now,
There is a house for God.
- 3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows ;
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

2. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The house of prayer.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of pray'r!
- 2 To thee ourselves we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father-King!
Thy cov'nant-grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.
- 3 Here, in thy house, we feast
On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;
Incense shall rise
From flames of love,

And God approve
The sacrifice.

- 4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house ;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows ;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire,
To join the choir,
On Zion's hill.

3. P. M. WATTS.

Delight in public worship.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The pleasure and advantage of divine worship.

- 1 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires!
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 2 Still they pursue the painful road;
Increasing strength surmounts their fear;
Till 'all at length, before their God,
In Zion's glorious courts appear.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 4 GOD is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
GOD is a shield, through all the way
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy fav'rites of his care.

- 6 O-LORD of hosts, thou GOD of grace!
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee.

5. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Zion.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour out fervent pray'r.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The cov'nant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;

Nor e'er forsake the happy path,
Their youthful feet have trod.

6. P. M. WATTS.

Going up to worship.

- 1 HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, or praise, or hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May Peace attend thy gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

7. C. M. WATTS.

Attendance on divine worship.

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In God's own house let us appear,
And keep the solemn day.
- 2 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my saviour reigns.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

8. C. M. WATTS.

The church our delight and safety.

- 1 THE LORD of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires:
O! grant me an abode,
Among the churches of thy Son,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

9. L. M. WATTS.

The church the garden of GOD.

- 1 LORD! 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The LORD is holy, just, and true:
None that attend his courts shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

10. L. M. BOYSE.

Acceptable worship.

- 1 COME ! pay the worship GOD requires,
Inflam'd with pure and holy fires.
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.
- 2 When piety, and truth refin'd
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And GOD will visit man below.

11. C. M. BROWNE.

The same subject.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the
LORD,
And bow before his throne?
Oh! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my GOD my friend?
- 3 O no, my soul! 'twere fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favour can obtain.
- 4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;

To God with humble rev'rence bow,
And to his glory live.

- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

12. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

The acceptable offering.

- 1 FATHER of our feeble race!
Wise, beneficent, and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 LORD! what off'ring shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with lib'ral store.

Teach us, O thou heav'nly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

13. C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

- 1 GOD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eye salutes the skies,
Their bended knees, the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 LORD! search my thoughts, and try my
ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then may I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

14. L. M. SCOTT.

Devotion vain without virtue.

- 1 TH' uplifted eye and bended kneec,
Are but vain homage, LORD! to thee:

- In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love GOD and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

15. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Surrounding the mercy seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Ev'ry pure and humble mind;
Ev'ry kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refin'd:

Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

- 3 Ev'ry stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord! with favour still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

16. L. M. WATTS.

The love of God better than life.

- 1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my joy, and thou my rest:
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 While in thy house I now appear
Among thy friends, and seek thy face;
O may I see thy mercy here,
And taste the blessings of thy grace!
- 3 Not all by worldly men possest,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 4 My life itself, without thy love,
No real pleasure could afford;

'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the LORD.

- 5 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

17. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heav'n's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore; and, LORD! to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of pray'r we kneel
With trust and holy fear,

Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

18. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Humble worship.

- 1 GREAT King of kings, eternal God!
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise?
- 2 Man, O how far remov'd below!
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night;
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.
- 3 But see! The bright, the morning star
Rising shall chase the shades away;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Promise a sweet immortal day.
- 4 To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to Thee, the Great Unknown;
Through him, O may our humble praise
Accepted rise before thy throne.

19. L. M. A. H.

Christian Worship.

- 1 SWEET are the praises of the LORD,
And pleasant 'tis his courts to view;

To hear the precepts of that word
Which Jesus taught and practis'd too.

- 2 His true disciples may we prove,
Unceasing his commands obey;
By our obedience speak our love,
And by our works our faith display.
- 3 By those pure rules which he has taught,
Our course unerring may we steer!
So life shall with content be fraught,
And death itself be void of fear.

20. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine blessing implored.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought!
Be all beneath thyself forgot;
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And thro' each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love!

21. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Public praise.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy:
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

- 2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 To praise awake your tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing:
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 4 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the LORD.

22. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and nightly devotion.

- 1 Ye that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place:
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With kind and quick'ning rays;
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

23. L. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The sacrifice of the heart.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay?
How spread his sov'reign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's LORD
Thy golden off'rings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth pray'r.

24. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;

No groans shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy;
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;
But ev'ry doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine!

25. L. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

The Christian sabbath.

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend:
Improve, my soul, the sacred rest,
And learn for ever to be blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise
To heav'n a grateful sacrifice;
May heav'n that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.
- 3 This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, and toils, and pains.
- 4 In varied scenes, both old and new,
With joy, great God! thy works we view;
In praise recall thy mercies past,
In hope thy future mercies taste.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

26. C. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The sabbath of the soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts;
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

27. C. M. COTTON.

A Lord's day hymn.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heav'n arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;

- Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendors of that place,
The joys that are on high ;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To heav'n their souls ascend ;
Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,
As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

28. L. M. WATTS.

A hymn for the Lord's day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God ! my King !
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his works, and bless his word.
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart ;
When doubts and fears no more remain,
To break my inward peace again.

- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

29. C. M. WATTS.

Hymn for the Lord's day.

- 1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day arose our glorious head,
And death's dread empire fell ;
To-day would we his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna ! the anointed king
Ascends his destin'd throne ;
To GOD your grateful homage bring,
And his Messiah own.
- 4 Sent by his Father's love, he came
To bless our sinful race :
Let all adore the Father's name,
And celebrate his grace.
- 5 Adore him in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

30. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 THE work, O LORD! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day proclaims it all divine—
This day did Jesus rise.
- 2 We hail the glorious day,
With thankful heart and voice,
Which chas'd each painful doubt away,
And bade the church rejoice.
- 3 Since he hath left the grave,
His promises are true;
And each exalted hope he gave,
Confirm'd of God we view.
- 4 O come the happy hour,
When all the earth shall own
Thy Son, O God! declar'd with pow'r,
And worship at thy throne.
- 5 That we possess thy word
Which all this grace displays,
Accept, thou Father of our Lord!
Our sacrifice of praise.

31. C. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 AGAIN the LORD of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips still join
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

32. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The Lord's day morning.

1 HAIL, happy morn ! whose early ray
Beheld the Saviour rise ;
Welcome again, auspicious day !
To our rejoicing eyes.

2 On this blest morn, birth-day of hope !
O let not one be sad ;
This is the day the LORD hath made,
And bids our souls be glad.

3 Come, and the wonders of the day
In notes harmonious sing ;
Tell to the world the conquest 's gain'd
By your victorious King.

- 4 O happy souls, that feel the pow'r
Of his attractive love !
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above.

33. P. M. MISS DAY.

Attendance upon religious institutions.

- 1 I'LL bless JEHOVAH's glorious name,
Whose goodness heav'n and earth pro-
claim,
With ev'ry morning light ;
And at the close of ev'ry day,
To him my cheerful homage pay,
Who guards me thro' the night.
- 2 Then in his churches to appear,
And pay my humble worship there,
Shall be my sweet employ :
The day that saw my Saviour rise
Shall dawn on my delighted eyes
With pure and holy joy.
- 3 With grateful sorrow in my breast,
I'll celebrate the dying feast
Of my departing Lord ;
And while his perfect love I view,
His bright example I'll pursue,
And meditate his word.

PART II.

Praise to God.

34. L. M. WATTS.

God exalted above all praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Pow'r ! whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God ;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds !
- 2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own :
In shining ranks beneath thy feet,
Angelic pow'rs and splendors meet.
- 3 LORD ! what shall feeble mortals do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
With lowly minds to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Something we learn from nature's frame ;
Thy word has more reveal'd thy name :
Yet still thy greatness, LORD ! we find,
Leaves all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heav'n, and man below :
Short be our tunes, our words be few :
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

35. C. M. WATTS.

God the proper object of praise.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints ! to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the LORD, and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
He bids the vapours rise ;
Lightning, and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our JEHOVAH's known.
- 5 Before the true, the living God,
We bow with faith and fear ;
He makes our churches his abode,
And claims our honours there.

36. P. M. WATTS.

Praise to God the universal sovereign.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest hymns of praise,
To magnify JEHOVAH's name :

His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his mighty works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, LORD !
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
And here JEHOVAH'S name is known :
Our worship never shall be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our GOD alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His robes are majesty and light ;
His splendor, how divinely bright !
His temple, how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And distant nations fear his name :
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

37. L. M. MERRICK.

Praise ye the LORD.

1 SING to the LORD a joyful song ;
Earth, to his praise the note prolong,
Till realms remote his acts have known,
And man's whole race his wonders own.

- 2 Great is the LORD, and great his praise ;
What god like him our fear can raise ?
Not such as heathen lands afford,
Created first, and then ador'd.
- 3 Let ev'ry people, ev'ry tribe,
Pow'r, glory, strength, to him ascribe ;
Yield to his name the honours due ;
Oft to his courts your way pursue.
- 4 Before the beauty of his shrine,
Ye saints, in low prostration join ;
Ye natives of each distant shore,
His pow'r revere ; his name adore.

38. C. M. WATTS.

A hymn of praise to God.

- 1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty LORD !
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne ;
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 LORD ! I would walk with holy feet :
Teach me thine heav'nly ways ;
And all my noblest pow'rs unite,
In God my Father's praise.

39. P M. WARRINGTON COLLECTION.

The God and Father of Christ to be praised.

- 1 O COME, all ye sons of Adam, and raise
A song unto God; how lovely his praise!
Adore him who reigns in his glory above,
And fills the wide earth with his tokens of
love.
- 2 His breath is your life, your reason a ray
Effus'd from his light to guide all your way;
He heals your diseases, your wants he sup-
plies,
And wipes away tears from the penitent's
eyes.
- 3 Dash down your false gods of silver and
stone;
Him worship who made earth and heav'n
alone,
His prophet, his son, his salvation receive,
Flee, flee from perdition, obey him and
live.
- 4 O Father of men! in mercy command
The gospel to shine on all human land;
That far as the sun e'er diffuses his flame,
Thy praises may rise in Messiah's great
name.

40. C. M. WATTS.

Reverential worship.

- 1 SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,
And in his strength rejoice:

- When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And songs of honour sing:
The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the sea what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

41. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
JEHOVAH is the mighty God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;

The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

42. P. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Humble adoration.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy LORD!
Be thy glorious name ador'd;
LORD! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, LORD! thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heav'n's capacious round,
Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 4 LORD! thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

43. C. M. WATTS.

Rational and devout praise.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 3 While angels praise the heav'nly King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

44. L. M. TATE.

[Ps. c.]

- 1 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:
- 2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

- 3 O! enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the LORD, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

45. L. M. WATTS.

[Ps. c.]

- 1 BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

46. L. M. WATTS.

Praise from all nations.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let his almighty name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

47. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

Praise to God as the first and the last.

- 1 I AM the first, and I the last;
Time centres all in me:
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And ever more shall be.
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

48. P. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

Glory to the most high God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high! *Hallelujah!*
God, whose glory fills the sky:

- Lift your voice, ye people all;
Praise the God on whom ye call.
- 2 God his sov'reign sway maintains;
King o'er all the earth he reigns:
All to him lift up their eye;
He does ev'ry want supply.
- 3 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs;
Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 4 Happy, who his laws obey!
Them he rules with milder sway;
Pure and holy hearts alone
He hath chosen for his own.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
Him let all our hearts adore:
Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,
Glory be to God on high.

49. C. M. MERRICK.

Universal praise.

- 1 ARISE, ye people! clap the hand,
Exulting strike the chord;
Let ev'ry isle and ev'ry land
Confess th' Almighty LORD.
- 2 Sing to our God in loudest strain,
Perpetual praises sing:
O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign;
O praise our God and King.

- 3 Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
In one assembled throng,
Your shares of harmony to part,
And raise the heav'n-taught song.
- 4 His sway the sons of human kind
With humble homage own;
And sanctity, with pow'r combin'd,
Supports his lasting throne.
- 5 For he, whose hands amid the skies
Th' eternal sceptre wield,
To earth's whole race his care applies,
And o'er them spreads the shield.

50. C. M. NEW SELECTION.

Protection and praise.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God! ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
'Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er many a desert wide;
Who fearless takes his lonely way,
With God his guard and guide:—
- 4 The mariner, who tempts the sea
When storms impending low'r,
D

Or tempests rage—yet trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty pow'r:—

5 The wretch who press'd by countless woes,
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty LORD! on thee:—

6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heav'nly aid they prove;
As all have felt, let all proclaim
Thy boundless pow'r, and love.

51. P. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.

Good men invited to praise God.

1 YE works of GOD! on him alone,
His footstool earth, high heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd:
His hand the beauteous fabric made,
His eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

2 Ye sons of men! his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move:
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

3 Ye spirits of the just and good!
Who, panting for that blest abode,
To heav'n's bright mansions soar:
O let your songs his praise display,
Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more.

- 4 Praise him, ye meek and humble train !
 Who shall those heav'nly joys obtain,
 Prepar'd for souls sincere :
 Now praise him till you take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 To dwell for ever there.

52. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the LORD, prepare a new
 song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join :
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises with music di-
 vine.
- 2 Let praise to the LORD, who made us,
 ascend,
 Let each grateful heart be glad in its King:
 The God, whom we worship, our songs will
 attend,
 And view with complacence the off'ring we
 bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,
 And let your glad songs awake with each
 morn :
 For those who obey him are still his delight,
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the LORD, prepare a glad
 song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join :

With voices united the anthem prolong,
And show forth his praises with music di-
vine.

53. P. M. FAWCETT.

Universal praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings giv'n,
For the hope of future joy;
Sound his praise thro' earth and heav'n,
Sound JEHOVAH's praise on high.

54. C. M. MRS ROWE.

Praise to the God of nature.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise,
To heav'n's almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To ev'ry bounding strain.
- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo thro' the sky;
Let angels, with immortal skill,
Improve the harmony :
- 8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heav'n's eternal King.

55. L. M. DYER.

Hymn to the Deity.

- 1 GREATEST of beings, Source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee.
- 2 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,

- And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.
- 3 The moon, to the deep shades of night,
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great LORD of light, proclaim.
- 4 And groves, and vales, and rocks, and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.
- 5 But man was form'd to rise to heav'n;
And, blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.
- 6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat JEHOVAH's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

56. L. M. WATTS.

Universal praise.

- 1 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word;
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But they who best have known the LORD,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 2 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss!
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell,
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

- 3 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 4 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.
- 5 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 6 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
While nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 7 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

57. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,

In worlds of light
Begin the song.

- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rul'st the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the LORD.

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfils,
While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

58. S. M. WATTS.

Universal praise.

- 1 LET ev'ry creature join,
To praise th' eternal God;

- Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
By his command they stand, or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the LORD,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire,
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest ;
But they who taste his wondrous love,
Should sing his praises best.

59. L. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 CELESTIAL worlds! your Maker's name
Resound through ev'ry shining coast :
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day !
Praise him in thy sublime career ;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
Night's sable horrors to illume !
Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.
- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play !
Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd !
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the almighty God ador'd :
He made the nations by his pow'r,
And rules them with his sov'reign word.
- 6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise :
His high perfection knows no bound,
But fills the immensity of space.

60. P. M. OGILVIE.

The same subject.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty name ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one harmonious concert rise,
To swell the glorious theme.

- 2 Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wondrous mercy sing ;
Let all who fill the realms above,
Awake the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God ;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r :
Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing
In triumph rides th' eternal King ;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 4 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 5 Wake, all ye feather'd throngs, and sing ;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's extended arch rebound
The general burst of joy.

61. P. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 O FOR a hymn of universal praise!
Its Maker's name let ev'ry creature raise:
Ye lofty heav'ns, begin the solemn sound,
And let it spread the wide creation round.
- 2 Bless him, thou sun, great ruler of the day,
Before whose splendors thine must fade
 away;
To him the honours paid to thee restore,
And teach mankind thy Maker to adore.
- 3 Ye moon and stars, who, with more feeble
 light,
Break thro' the shades and gild the gloom
 of night,
Far as you can diffuse your feeble rays,
Tell his great name and propagate his
 praise.
- 4 Let mists and clouds and meteors all con-
 spire
In this blest work, and help to fill the choir:
While loud his praises foaming billows roar,
And seas resound his name from shore to
 shore.
- 5 Ye fertile plains, display your gayest pride,
Ye valleys, to his honour low subside;
And at his call, ye mountains, stately rise,
And bear his praises to the neighb'ring
 skies.

- 6 Loud as his thunders let his praises sound,
 From heav'n to earth, from world to world
 rebound ;
 Let art and nature in the song conspire,
 And the whole world become one sacred
 choir.

62. C. M. MRS ROWE.

Praise from all nature.

- 1 THE glorious armies of the sky
 To thee, almighty King !
 Harmonious anthems consecrate,
 And hallelujahs sing.
- 2 But still their most exalted flights
 Fall vastly short of thee :
 How distant then must human praise
 From thy perfections be !
- 3 Yet how, great God ! shall we refrain,
 When, to our 'raptur'd sense,
 Each creature in its various ways
 Displays thine excellence ?
- 4 The brilliant lights that shine above
 In bright magnificence,
 Reveal their mighty Maker's praise
 With silent eloquence.
- 5 The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art much more fair ;
 When in the east its beams revive,
 To gild the fields of air.

- 6 The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns, from thee
Their pleasing odours come.
- 7 The warbling birds, the hollow winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,
To praise the First Almighty cause,
With diff'rent voices call.
- 8 Thy numerous works exalt thee thus,
And shall man silent be ?
No, rather let us cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

63. C. M. JERVIS.

Praise the peculiar duty of man.

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame !
Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 The heav'ns thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light ;
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite,
To praise thee as they roll ;
- 4 Oh ! shall not we of human race,
The glorious concert join ?

Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?

- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise ;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heav'n can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Thro' life's uncertain days ;
And in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be thy praise.

64. L. M. WATTS.

Desiring to praise God.

- 1 Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell :
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name :
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame !
- 3 In thee, my God ! are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown :
All the rich blessings nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
- 4 High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

- 5 Be thou exalted, O my God !
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell :
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

65. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Everlasting praise.

- 1 MY God ! my King ! to thee I'll raise
My voice, and all my pow'rs :
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise ;
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.

PART III.

The Works of GOD celebrated.

66. C. M. WATTS.

The creation of the world.

- 1 LET heav'n arise, let earth appear!
Said the Almighty LORD;
The heav'ns arose, the earth appear'd
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
God said, *Let there be light!*
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
And scatter'd ancient night.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.

- 6 Then, high in heav'n's resplendent arch,
He plac'd those orbs of light ;
He caus'd the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth ;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprang from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief, o'er all his works below,
At last was Adam made ;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood ;
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd ;
His word pronounc'd it good.

67. C. M. DODSLEY'S POEMS.

God the Creator of mankind.

- 1 GOD of our lives, whose bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move !
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love ?
- 2 While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth,

Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

4 O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

68. C. M. GROVE.

God the Creator.

1 O LORD, how excellent thy name !
How glorious to behold !
Engraven fair on all thy works
In characters of gold !

2 On heav'n's unmeasurable face,
In lines immensely great ;
In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
CREATOR-GOD is writ.

3 Though reason be not giv'n to all,
Nor voice to thee, O sun !
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their language is but one.

4 From land to land, from world to world,
Thy fame is echo'd round ;
And ages, as they pass, transmit
The never-dying sound

- 5 Angels, the eldest sons of God,
 Began the lofty song;
They saw the heav'ns expand abroad,
 And earth on nothing hung.
- 6 Then man, the last and noblest work
 Of all this nether frame,
With the first vital breath he drew,
 Confess'd from whence he came.
- 7 O let us all give praise to God,
 And magnify his name;
The wonders of his pow'r and love
 Let the whole world proclaim.

69. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The voice of Nature.

- 1 ALMIGHTY goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 2 For man and beast, here daily food
In wide diffusive plenty grows;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood
In streams sweet-winding gently flows.
- 3 By cooling streams and soft'ning show'rs,
The vegetable race are fed;
And trees and plants and herbs and flow'rs,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.
- 4 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art;

Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

- 5 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er;
Confess the footsteps of the God,
And bow before him and adore.

70. L. M. ADDISON.

The voice of God in his works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine—
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

71. S. M. WATTS.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 ALMIGHTY maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays ;
And does a thousand ways express
Her undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, oh ! let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And oft to God, my soul ! ascend
In grateful songs of praise.

72. C. M. LIVERPOOL OLD COLLECTION.

Devout contemplation of creation.

- 1 Look round, O man ! survey this globe ;
Speak of creating pow'r :
See, nature gives a diff'rent robe
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.

- 2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea ;
What grateful changes form the year !
How constant night and day !
- 3 Next raise thine eye ; the vast expanse
A pow'r unbounded shows ;
See round the sun the planets dance,
And various worlds compose.
- 4 Then turn into thyself, O man !
With wonder view thy soul ;
Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.
- 5 And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim,
To Him, the first Almighty Cause,
- JEHOVAH is his name.

73. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The God of nature invoked.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;

And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine :
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see ;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God ! to thee.

74. P. M. MERRICK.

The perfections and providence of God.

1 LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2 Be the LORD your noblest theme,
Who of gods is God supreme ;
He, to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee and veil their pride.

3 Who asserts his just command
By the wonders of his hand :
He, whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky :

- 4 He, who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundation sleep ;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Thro' the boundless ether roll ;
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose pow'ful ray
Rules the empire of the day ;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Gilds the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All who claim from thee their birth ;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

75. P. M. MILTON.

The same subject.

- 1 LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the LORD, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God :
Who by wisdom did create
Heav'n's expanse, and all its state :
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main :
Who, by his commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun,
All the day his course to run ;

And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangl'd sisters bright.

5 All his creatures GOD does feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

76. P. M. SANDYS.

The harmony of praise.

1 THOU who sitt'st enthron'd above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou, who art most great, most high!
God, from all eternity!

2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis when tongue and heart consent;
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of ev'ning rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sov'reign Ruler! mighty LORD!

4 Decks the spring with flow'rs the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord! from thee these blessings flow!

5 Sov'reign Ruler! mighty LORD!
We thy praises will record:

Giver of these blessings ! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

77. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The year crowned with goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy ;
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear :
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore.
Where days and years revolve no more !

78. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Thanksgiving for fruitful seasons.

- 1 REJOICE! the LORD is King!
Your LORD and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain;
Yet his thick flakes of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 4 High from th' ethereal plain
Bright suns their influence fling;
He gives the welcome rain,
That makes the valleys sing:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.
- 5 He leads the circling year,
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the fields with corn:

O happy mortals, raise your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

- 6 Lead on your fleeting train,
Ye years, ye months and days!
O bring th' eternal reign
Of love, and joy, and praise:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

79. C. M. WATTS.

The providence of God in the seasons.

- 1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the LORD on high;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground;

The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign LORD.

80. C. M. NEEDHAM.

The seasons ordained by God.

1 THE rolling year, Almighty LORD!
Obeys thy pow'rful nod;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.

2 Wak'd by thy voice, out steps the spring,
In living green new drest;
On hills, in vales, thro' fields and groves,
Thy beauties stand confest.

3 The sun calls forth the summer months,
Nor do the hours delay;
The fruits with varied colours glow
Beneath his rip'ning ray.

4 Thy bounty, LORD! in autumn shines,
And spreads a common feast;
He that regards his fav'rite, man,
Will not neglect the beast.

- 5 When winter rears her hoary head,
And shows her furrow'd brow,
In storms and tempests, frosts and snows,
How awful, LORD ! art thou !
- 6 The rolling year, Almighty LORD !
Obeys thy pow'rful nod ;
Each season, as it silent moves,
Declares the present God.

81. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Praise to the God of the seasons.

- 1 SING to the LORD ! let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.
- 2 He counts the hosts of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names :
Great is our God ! his wondrous pow'r
And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 3 He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs ;
On earth the plenteous blessing pours ;
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.
- 4 His bounteous hand, great Spring of good,
Provides the brute creation food ;
He feeds the ravens when they cry ;
All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 5 Dear to the LORD, for ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear ;

The souls who on his grace rely,
 These, these are lovely in his eye.

82. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal pow'r !
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
 Successive comforts bring ;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
 When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
 The Author is divine.
- 4 Those floating cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear :
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

83. C. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the spring.

- 1 GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nly King,
 Who makes the earth his care ;

- Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs ;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns ;
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

84. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Spring.

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale ;
How sweet the vernal day !

- 2 How kind the influence of the skies !
 Soft show'rs, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wond'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
 Glad Nature's cheerful song ;
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

85. L. M. MERRICK.

The blessings of the year the gift of providence.

- 1 THE morn and eve thy praise resound,
 LORD ! as they walk th' ethereal round ;
 Thy visits teach the grateful soil
 To recompense the lab'rer's toil.
- 2 By unexhausted springs suppli'd,
 The river pours its copious tide ;
 A thousand streams, in sportive play,
 Thro' the rich meadows wind their way.
- 3 The clouds, in frequent show'rs distill'd,
 Drop fatness on the fruitful field,

Break the rough glebe, the furrows cheer,
And crown with good the smiling year.

- 4 The pastures of th' extended waste
Thy gifts in rich profusion taste;
The hills around exulting stand,
And show the bounty of thy hand.
- 5 Cherish'd at length by lenient skies,
Herbage and corn luxuriant rise:
The laughing vale assumes a tongue,
And bursts triumphant into song.

86. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Seed-time and harvest.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both in their turns thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here, spreading flocks adorn the plain;
There, plenty ev'ry charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

87. L. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Autumnal Hymn.

- 1 GREAT God! at whose all-pow'rful call
At first arose this beauteous frame;
By thee the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recover'd, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see
The earth in vernal beauty drest!
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,
Thy blooming glories shine confest!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And, while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,
Stands the rich grain, or purpled vine;

At thy command they rise, to yield
The strength'ning bread, or cheering wine.

- 6 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see—we taste—let ev'ry heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

88. C. M. BROWNE.

All things made for God.

- 1 GREAT first of Beings! mighty LORD
Of all this mighty frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.
- 2 Soon as thou gav'st the high command,
'Twas instantly obey'd;
And for thy pleasure all things stand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.
- 3 Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light;
For thee in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds to night.
- 4 For thee the earth its product yields,
For thee the waters flow;
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.
- 5 For thee the sun dispenses heat,
And beams of cheering light;
Far distant stars, in order set,
Break thro' the shades of night.

- 6 Let us, too, LORD! with zeal pursue
 This wise and noble end;
 That all we think and all we do
 May to thine honour tend.

89. C. M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in the works of God.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the LORD;
 This work belongs to you;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'nly arches spread;
 And by the spirit of the LORD
 Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand:
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.
- 6 Thy glorious works our thoughts engage;
 How vast thy pow'r divine!

Thy counsels stand thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shine.

90. C. M. WATTS.

The wisdom of God in his works.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to know thy name?
- 5 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

PART IV.

Perfections of God.

91. C. M. WATTS.

The divine glories above our reason.

- 1 OUR reason stretches all its wings,
And soars above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 2 LORD! here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of the mind
Can urge their flight no more.
- 3 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 4 In humble notes our faith adores
The great eternal King;
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.

92. L. M. WATTS.

God incomprehensible.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?

Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

- 2 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light.
- 3 Great God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 4 O tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God and I'll rejoice:
Sustain'd by thee, I'll still proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.

93. L. M. WATTS.

The incomprehensible nature of God.

- 1 GOD is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose?
Or ask him why, or what, he does?
- 2 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

- 4 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
 The crooked serpent and the worm;
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 5 These are a portion of his ways—
 But who can utter all his praise?
 Who can endure his light, or stand
 To hear the thunders of his hand?

94. L. M. WATTS.

God invisible.

- 1 OUR pow'rs, great GOD! are too confin'd
 To reach thy infinite abode:
 O! 'tis beyond a creature's mind,
 To raise a single thought to GOD.
- 2 The LORD of glory builds his seat
 Of gems superlatively bright;
 And spreads, beneath his sacred feet,
 Thick clouds and shades of gloomy night.
- 3 Yet, LORD! thy penetrating eyes
 Look through, and cheer us from above:
 Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies:—
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.

95. L. M. KIPPIS.

To the unknown GOD.

- 1 GREAT GOD! in vain man's narrow view
 Attempts to look thy nature through;
 Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
 Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, LORD ! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace,
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will !

96. L. M. BROWNE.

The ONE GOD.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess ;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To thee, the One Supreme, we bow ;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay :
All other gods we disavow,
Reject their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' ev'ry land,
All idol deities dethrone :

Subdue the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd, God alone!

97. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The power of God.

- 1 'TWAS GOD who hurl'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.
- 2 Eternal is his pow'r and might,
Immense and unconfin'd:
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning skies;
Loud thunders round him roar:
All heav'n attends him as he flies,
All hell proclaims his pow'r.
- 4 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still;
They cease their wonted round:
The mountains melt; the trembling hills
Forsake their ancient bound.
- 5 He scatters nations with his breath;
The scatter'd nations fly:
Blue pestilence and wasting death,
Confess the Godhead nigh.
- 6 Ye worlds, with every living thing,
Fulfil his high command:
Mortals, pay homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

98. P. M. MERRICK.

The divine majesty and power.

- 1 SING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal King:
Pow'r and strength to him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.
- 2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
Hush'd to silence while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.
- 3 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play;
And the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.
- 4 He the swelling surge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands;
He his people shall increase,
And with safety crown, and peace.

99. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 GIVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
Give to the LORD renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The LORD proclaims his pow'r aloud,
O'er the vast ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

- 3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,
And lay the forest bare around;
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,
Confess the terror of the sound.
- 4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,
And palaces and temples shake;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The LORD sits Sov'reign o'er the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 We see no terrors in his name,
But in our God a Father find:
The voice that shakes all nature's frame,
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

100. L. M. WATTS.

The glory of God.

- 1 GOD is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty, the Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their pow'rs,
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bade planets roll, and suns to shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:

Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This humble dwelling-place of worms.

101. L. M. POPE'S COLLECTION.

The majesty and glory of God.

- 1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?
- 2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
While boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.
- 3 Before his throne a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

- 6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
 Let us his high perfections sing:
 O let his praise employ our tongue,
 Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

102. L. M. WATTS.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 YE servants of th' Almighty King,
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love! he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do;
 And condescends yet more, to know
 The mean affairs of men below.

103. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

The condescension of God.

- 1 AMIDST the heav'nly pow'rs sublime,
 God's throne is fix'd on high;
 And through eternity he hears
 The praises of the sky.

- 2 Yet, looking down, he visits oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourns,
'Tis his delight to dwell :
- 3 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer ;
And from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.
- 4 With him dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race;
The souls which he has form'd, shall find
A refuge in his grace.

104. L. M. WATTS.

The condescension of GOD to human affairs.

- 1 TH' Almighty stoops to view the skies,
And bows to see what angels do ;
Yet down to earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.
- 2 He over-rules all human things,
And manages our mean affairs :
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 3 In vain might earthly monarchs try
Such condescending schemes to plan ;
For man was never rais'd so high
Above his meanest fellow-man.
- 4 O ! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
H

To heav'n our grateful songs should rise,
And list'ning angels learn thy praise.

105. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The majesty of GOD.

- 1 YE weak inhabitants of clay,
Ye trifling insects of a day;
Low in your native dust bow down
Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound,
And call remotest nations round;
Assembled on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 3 Join'd with the living, let the dead,
Rising, the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs.
- 4 The drop that from the bucket falls,
The dust that hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, great GOD! to thee.

106. C. M. WATTS.

The eternity of GOD.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' Eternal GOD.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
JEHOVAH fill'd his throne;

Or man was form'd, or angels made,
The self-existent ONE.

- 3 Thy years, O LORD ! can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity 's thy dwelling place,
And Ever is thy time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
GOD fills his own immortal Now,
And sees our ages waste.

107. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

GOD eternal and unchangeable.

- 1 ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Thro' ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! Source of good !
Immutable thou dost remain ;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round ;
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd ;

- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track.
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

108. C. M. MRS ROWE.

The eternity and immutability of God.

- 1 THOU didst, O mighty God! exist,
Ere time began his race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.
- 2 Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:
- 3 Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd:
- 4 Before the bright, harmonious spheres
Their glorious rounds begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:
- 5 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;

Thy bliss, eternal Spring of life !
And glory was the same.

- 6 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck :
- 7 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake :
- 8 For ever, permanent and fix'd,
From interruption free ;
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

109. P. M. MRS BARBAULD.

God the eternal Sovereign.

- 1 THIS earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass
away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal
things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of
kings ;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.
- 2 The sun himself, with gath'ring clouds
opprest,
Shall, in his silent dark pavilion, rest ;

His golden urn shall break, and useless
 lie,
 Amidst the common ruins of the sky ;
 The stars rush headlong in the wild com-
 motion,
 And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the
 ocean.

3 But fix'd, O GOD! for ever stands thy
 throne ;

JEHOVAH reigns, a universe alone :

Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital
 flame,

Collected, or diffus'd, is still the same :
 He dwells within his own unfathom'd es-
 sence,
 And fills all space with his unbounded pre-
 sence.

4 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
 And silence is our least injurious praise :
 Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight
 control ;

Revere him in the stillness of the soul :
 With silent duty meekly bend before him,
 And deep within your inmost hearts adore
 him.

110. L. M. WATTS.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD! thou hast search'd and seen me
 through ;

Thine eye commands, with piercing view,

My rising and my resting hours ;
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

2 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

3 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known :
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest :
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin—for God is there !

111. C. M. ARBUCKLE.

Universal presence of God.

1 MY heart and all my ways, O God !
By thee are search'd and seen ;
My outward acts thine eye observes,
My secret thoughts within.

2 Attendant on my steps, all day
Thy providence I see ;
And in the solitude of night
I'm present still with thee.

- 3 No spot the boundless realms of space,
 Whence thou art absent, know;
 In heav'n thou reign'st a glorious King,
 An awful Judge below.
- 4 LORD! if within my thoughtless heart
 Thou aught should'st disapprove,
 The secret evil bring to light,
 And by thy grace remove.
- 5 If e'er my ways have been perverse,
 Or foolish in thy view,
 Recall my steps to thy commands,
 And form my life anew.

112. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

GOD's omniscience and omnipresence.

- 1 FATHER of all! Omniscient Mind!
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend?
- 3 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
 Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
 What dark recess, what distant clime,
 Shall hide me from thy boundless view?
- 3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
 Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
 In splendor there, supremely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
 Thee, all her conscious pow'rs adore;

Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.

- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in every vital part ;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart.
- 6 To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n I know,
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee my grateful strains shall flow.

113. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The ways of the righteous known to God.

- 1 TO thee, my God ! my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought ;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

- 5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
 And in thy view I die:
 LORD! when all mortal bonds shall break
 May I still find thee nigh.

114. S. M. WATTS.

The holiness of GOD.

- 1 THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns!
 Let all the nations fear:
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 Let all be humble there.
- 2 Eternal is his throne;
 His honours are divine:
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.
- 3 How holy is his name!
 How awful is his praise!
 Justice and truth, and judgment join
 In all his works of grace.

115. C. M. BROWNE.

Universal goodness of GOD.

- 1 LORD! thou art good; all nature shows
 Its mighty Author kind:
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole, and ev'ry part proclaims
 Thy infinite good will;
 It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
 And bursts from ev'ry hill.

- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heav'ns which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,
Thro' ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy thro' ev'ry part :
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart :
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

116. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine goodness.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, LORD! thy goodness
reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams redundant flow,
Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Thro' nature's works thy glories shine ;
The cares of providence are thine :
And thou hast rais'd within our frame
A fairer temple to thy name

- 3 O! give to ev'ry human heart,
To taste, and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful love, and rev'rent fear,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song :
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong !
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise !
- 5 Join, O my soul! the gen'ral song,
To thee its sweetest notes belong ;
Blest above all by love divine,
To praise is eminently thine.

117. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God adored for his goodness.

- 1 YE sons of men ! with joy record
The various wonders of the LORD ;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound,
Thro' all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light :
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;
Peopled with life its regions wide,
Life, from its plenteous stores suppli'd.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plain,
And sing its Maker's boundless reign :

That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love!
Thither, my soul! with rapture soar,
There, in the land of praise, adore.

118. P. M. FAWCETT.

Delighting in divine goodness.

- 1 PARENT of good! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine;
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself that's good or fair,
But is entirely thine.
- 2 Immensely high thy glories rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And sacred pleasure yield;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.
- 3 To thee my warm affections move,
In sweet astonishment and love,
While at thy feet I fall;
I pant for nought beneath the skies,
To thee my ardent wishes rise,
O my eternal All!
- 4 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God! thro' my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?

To thee I consecrate my breath,
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.

119. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The peculiar goodness of God to his people.

- 1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd
For those that seek thy face.
- 2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.
- 3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins,
Here grace their souls renews ;
Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace
Their heav'nly beams diffuse.
- 4 But O ! what treasures yet unknown
Are lodg'd in worlds to come !
If these th' enjoyments of the way,
How happy is their home !
- 5 And what shall mortal worms reply ?
Or how such goodness own ?
But 'tis our joy, that, LORD ! to thee
Thy servants' hearts are known.
- 6 Since time 's too short, all-gracious God !
To utter half thy praise ;

Loud, to the honour of thy name,
Eternal hymns we 'll raise.

120. C. M. WATTS.

GOD hearing prayer.

- 1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all !
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And sound his name abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

121. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Proclamation of GOD's name to Moses.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
 Around thy condescending GOD ;
To us, to us, he still proclaims
His awful, his endearing names ;
 Attend, and sound them all abroad.
- 2 "JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign LORD,
The mighty GOD, by heav'n ador'd,
 Down to the earth my footsteps bend :
My heart the tend'rest pity knows,
Goodness, full-streaming, wide o'erflows,
 And grace and truth shall never end.
- 3 "My patience long can crimes endure ;
My pard'ning love is ever sure,
 When penitential sorrow mourns :
To millions through unnumber'd years,
New hope and new delight it bears ;
 Yet wrath against the sinner burns."
- 4 Make haste, my soul, the vision meet,
All prostrate at thy Sov'reign's feet,
 And drink the tuneful accents in ;
Speak on, my LORD ! repeat the voice,
Diffuse these heart-expanding joys,
 Till heav'n complete the rapt'rous
 scene.

122. C. M. WATTS.

The goodness and mercy of God.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, my heav'nly King !
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, LORD !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But they who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

123. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 THE praises of my God, my King,
While I have life or breath to sing,
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.

- 2 No more in princes vainly trust,
Frail sons of earth ! man is but dust ;
With all his pride, with all his pow'r,
The helpless creature of an hour.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes divine
On Israel's guardian God recline !
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 4 His justice favours them who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 5 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
His touch restores the joys of light ;
Poor mourners rais'd confess his care ;
He loves the humble and sincere.
- 6 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home :
The LORD relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

124. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the intellectual light.

- 1 PRAISE to the LORD of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright !
His presence gilds the worlds above,
Th' unchanging Source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd ;

The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

- 3 *Let there be light!* JEHOVAH said;
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, array'd in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre, shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heav'n a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God! with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
'There be thy brighter beams reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 Thine image, on my soul, impress'd,
In radiant lines shall stand confess'd;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the LORD, who gives me light.

125. L. M. WATTS.

The divine mercy and truth.

- 1 NOW to the LORD, a joyful song!
Awake, my soul! awake my tongue!
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God;
And his rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

- 3 For ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the LORD ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 4 Great GOD ! on us thy blessings show'r,
Let man's whole race revere thy pow'r ;
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes,
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

126. C. M. WATTS.

The faithfulness of GOD.

- 1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the LORD ;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne !
But there 's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
By David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies :
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 LORD GOD of hosts ! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;

And men on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

127. L. M. WATTS.

God ever to be praised.

- 1 MY God ! my King ! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I 'll proclaim :
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honours of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
Vast and immortal be thy praise !

128. C. M. WATTS.

The greatness and goodness of God.

- 1 LONG as I live, I 'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love !
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown ;
And let his praise be great :
I 'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known :
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

129. L. M. WATTS.

The perfections and providence of God.

- 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge;
The good are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the LORD;
And in his light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in his word.

PART V.

Government and Providence of God.

130. C. M. JERVIS.

*The being, omnipresence, and providence of
God.*

- 1 GREAT God ! how vast is thine abode !
Mysterious are thy ways !
Unseen, thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.
- 2 Yet the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy pow'r ;
'Midst the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.
- 3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains,
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where death-like silence reigns.
- 4 Tempests and storms that sweep the sky,
And cataracts sublime ;
Volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes,
That waste the torrid clime ;
- 5 Vast caverns deep, and cloud-topt hills,
Huge mountains rude and bare,
Terrific rocks and swelling waves—
Thy grandeur all declare.

- 6 Through all creation's widest range
The hand of heav'n is near :
Where'er I wander in the world,
Lo ! God is present there.

131. L. M. WATTS.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 Great is the LORD ! and great his might,
And all his glories infinite :
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound ;
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 He loves the meek, rewards the just,
Humbles the wicked in the dust,
Melts and subdues the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 4 The good are precious in his sight ;
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Approves, and loves his image there.

132. C. M. WATTS.

Fore-knowledge and providence of God.

- 1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the LORD !
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
He governs with a word.

- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought;
All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There 's not a sparrow, or a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees:
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course I go,
'Tis he provides the rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,
I would not wish to know
What in the book of his decrees
Awaits me here below.
- 6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r,
Whate'er my lot shall be:
Or joys or sorrows, may they form
My soul for heav'n, and thee!

133. S. M. WATTS.

God's universal dominion.

- 1 THE LORD, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will!

Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

- 3 While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul!
Shalt sing his praises too.

134. C. M. WATTS.

God's eternal dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er seas or stars were made;
Thou art the everliving God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

135. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's government Zion's joy.

- 1 YE subjects of the LORD, proclaim
The royal honours of his name ;
“JEHOVAH reigns,” be all your song.
'Tis he thy GOD, O Zion, reigns.
Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
Glad hallelujahs to prolong.
- 2 Ye princes, boast no more your crown,
But lay the glittering trifle down
In lowly honour at his feet ;
A span your narrow empire bounds ;
HE reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,
Form'd, like your slaves, of brittle clay ;
Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;
To everlasting years HE reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall
end.
- 4 So shall his favour'd Zion live ;
In vain confed'rate nations strive
Her sacred turrets to destroy ;

Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,
And endless pow'r, and endless love,
Insure her safety and her joy.

136. P. M. WATTS.

Stability of the divine government.

1 THE LORD of glory reigns—he reigns on
high;

His robes of state are strength and majesty;
The universe arose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his
hand:

Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm founda-
tion.

2 God is th' Eternal King. Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the
skies:

Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-
motion,
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling
ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more: ye floods, be
still;

And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever
stand;

Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:

See his own sons, when they appear before
him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

137. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reverence due to the Supreme Governor.

- 1 THE LORD of glory reigns supremely great,
And o'er heav'n's arches builds his royal
seat :
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway
extends,
Nor space nor time his boundless empire
ends :
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought thro' his immense
creation.
- 2 Lightnings and storms his mighty word
obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their
way :
Unnumber'd cherubs veil'd before him
stand,
And at his signal all their wings expand :
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.
- 3 Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain :
Let clay with fellow-clay in combat strive,
But dread to brave the pow'r by which you
live :

With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore
him,
For if he frown, ye perish all before him.

138. C. M. NEEDHAM.

God no respecter of persons.

- 1 WITH eye impartial, heav'n's high King
Surveys each human tribe;
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favour bribe.
- 2 The rich and poor, of equal clay
His pow'rful hand did frame;
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common Parent claim.
- 3 Ye sons of men of high degree,
Your great Superior own;
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
Your homage at his throne.
- 4 Trust in the LORD, ye humble poor,
And banish ev'ry fear;
The God you serve will ne'er forsake
The man of heart sincere.

139. L. M. SCOTT.

Equity of the divine dispensations.

- 1 WHO, gracious Father! can complain
Under thy mild and gentle reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

- 2 With diff'ring climes, and diff'ring lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy hand hath fram'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.
- 3 So various, thy celestial ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day :
The GOD of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life has shown.
- 4 Large is the bounty of his hand ;
He will a large return demand :
Haste, then, life's arduous work pursue,
And keep the heav'nly prize in view.

140. C. M. NEWTON.

The mystery and benignity of providence.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful souls ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

141. S. M. WATTS.

The mystery of providence unfolded.

- 1 THERE is a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain ;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And virtuous men complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 The tumults of my thought
Held me in deep suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word, with light and pow'r,
Did my mistakes amend ;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 5 LORD ! at thy feet I bow ;
My thoughts no more repine ;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

142. L. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

*The mysteries of providence to be solved here-
after.*

- 1 THE heart, dejected, sighs to know,
Why vice triumphant reigns below ;
Why saints have fall'n in ev'ry age,
The victims of tyrannic rage.
- 2 Fast roll successive years away ;
Fast hastens on th' important day,
When, to th' astonish'd world's surprise,
God's high tribunal shall arise.
- 3 Hark ! 'tis the trumpet's piercing sound ;
The rising dead assemble round ;
In close procession, see ! they come,
Each to receive his righteous doom.
- 4 Lo ! there, a vile, degen'rate race ;
Pale terror sits on ev'ry face :
Here, on the right, a joyful band,
The sons of suff'ring virtue stand.
- 5 The sentence pass'd, lo ! these arise
To bliss and glory in the skies :
While those who once stood high in fame,
Sink to contempt, remorse, and shame.
- 6 Thus shall God's providence appear
Without a shade, divinely fair ;
And blushing doubt, with joy, confess
The LORD 's a God of righteousness.

143. C. M. WATTS.

Natural and moral providence.

- 1 THE world of nature, LORD ! is thine,
The darkness and the day :
Thou didst command the morn to shine,
And mark the sun's bright way.
- 2 Thy pow'r hath trac'd the winding coast,
Hath giv'n the sea its bounds ;
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds.
- 3 Oh ! who can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heav'n shall blaze with dreadful
light,
The earth lies still, and fears.
- 4 When God, in his mysterious ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he 'll restrain the rest.

144. L. M. WATTS.

The universal providence of God.

- 1 VAST are thy works, almighty LORD !
All nature rests upon thy word :
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see,
The spacious earth is full of thee.
- 2 The various tribes of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand ;

And while they take their diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.

- 3 Whene'er thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet :
I, to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

145. L. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 THE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown:
The tribes of earth and sea and air
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all!

146. L. M. DYER.

Providence acknowledged.

- 1 GREATEST of beings! Source of life!
Sov'reign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy pow'r, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And, when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.
- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n:
- 4 Those too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:—
- 5 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;

And thro' each varying scene of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart ;
Or whether joy elate the breast ;
Or life still keep its little course ;
Or death invite the heart to rest :—

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, LORD ! obey :
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

147. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Providence acknowledged.

1 GREAT God ! while nature speaks thy
praise

With all her num'rous tongues ;
Thy children tune diviner lays,
And love inspires their songs.

2 Thy pow'r and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign ;
Thy wondrous deeds, almighty King !
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.

3 Thy kingdom, LORD ! for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

4 To thee, O LORD ! for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
On thee, their common Father wait,
From thee receive supplies.

- 5 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.
- 6 The praise of God, delightful theme !
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

148. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The bounty of providence improved.

- 1 FATHER of lights ! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy pow'r and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread ;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, reject thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,

When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O GOD ! enjoy'd in all.

149. S. M. WATTS.

GOD's distinguishing goodness to man.

- 1 O LORD ! our heav'nly King !
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works above
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, fair queen of night,
In peerless splendour rise ;
- 3 When I survey the stars
That fill the vaulted sky,
LORD ! what is man, that he should stand
In thy regard so high ?
- 4 Or what the son of man,
That thou should'st love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While subject beasts obey ;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wondrous are thy ways !
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

150. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 THY wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, LORD !
In all thy works appear ;
But most thy praise should man record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 4 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess ;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.
- 5 All bounteous LORD ! thy grace impart :
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

151. L. M. WATTS.

Divine protection.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heav'ns, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.
- 4 His servants, thus divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Their holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite their head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast their couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 With fiercest rage should malice burn,
Still they shall go, and still return,
Safe in the LORD; his heav'nly care
Defends their lives from ev'ry snare.

152. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From GOD is all my aid;
The GOD who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid:
GOD is the 'Tow'r
To which I fly:

His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep,
When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust the LORD
To keep my mortal breath:

I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
He call me home.

153. S. M. WATTS.

The heavenly Shepherd.

- 1 THE LORD my Shepherd is;
I shall be well suppli'd:

Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place,
Where heav'nly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 Tho' from his fold I stray,
He doth my steps restore ;
And guides me in his own right way,
That I may err no more.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

154. S. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

1 WHILE God my Father 's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear ;
My wants are all suppli'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

- 4 Here let my spirit rest :
How sweet a lot is mine !
With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- 5 Great Shepherd ! if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

155. P. M. ADDISON.

The same subject.

- 1 THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray ;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The dreary wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

156. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*GOD'S condescension in becoming the shepherd
of men.*

- 1 AND will the Majesty of Heav'n
Accept us for his sheep ?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such feeble creatures keep ?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head ?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade ?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green ?
- 4 What thanks can mortal men repay
For favours great as thine ?
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine ?
- 5 Eternal GOD ! how mean are we !
How richly gracious thou !
Our souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble joy,
In silent transports bow.

157. L. M. WATTS.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 THEY that have made their refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest their head.
- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life ; his wings are spread,
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.
- 3 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight-death,
Still they are safe : the poison'd air
Again grows pure, if God be there.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the LORD,
To strike the good among the rest ;
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, LORD ! to thee.

158. L. M. WATTS.

The safety of good men amidst national calamities.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade :
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world :
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 'Midst storms and tempests, LORD ! thy
word
Does ev'ry rising fear control :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And well sustain the fainting soul.

159. C. M. PATRICK.

Security in God.

- 1 BEYOND the limits of the sky,
Thy mercy, LORD ! extends ;
Thy faithfulness the narrow bounds
Of time and space transcends.
- 2 LORD ! who can duly prize that love
Thou bearest to the just ?
Under thy providence and care
Good men securely trust.
- 3 To those who in thy love confide,
Thy kindness still impart ;
And all thy promises fulfil
To men of upright heart.

160. L. M. MERRICK.

God the protector of innocence.

- 1 THINE is the throne, beneath thy reign,
Great King of kings ! the tribes profane
Behold their dream of conquest o'er,
And vanish, to be seen no more.
- 2 What eyes like thine, Eternal Sire !
Thro' sin's dark mazes can inquire ?
What hand, like thine, to virtue's foes
Such awful judgments can oppose ?
- 3 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injur'd cause :
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
The fatherless a father find.
- 4 Thou, LORD ! thy servants' wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed :
'Tis thine, the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe away the starting tear ;
- 5 To vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
To rescue from oppression's jaws,
To curb the haughty tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

161. L. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

All things work together for good to the righteous.

- 1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come ;

- No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints !
The cause and cure of your complaints :
Know, 'tis your heav'nly Father's will ;
Bid every murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees we need the painful yoke ;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke :
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal, and cheer the heart.
- 4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys.

162. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Assurance of the divine presence.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To dissipate our fear ?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God for ever near ?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the
earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise ?
- 3 On thy support our souls shall lean,
And banish ev'ry care ;

The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If GOD be with us there.

- 4 While we his gracious succour prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

163. C. M. WATTS.

Creatures vain, and GOD all-sufficient.

- 1 BLEST is the nation where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence ;
But holy souls from GOD obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 GOD is their fear, and GOD their trust,
In him their safety's found ;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Though thousands fall around.

- 6 LORD ! let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

164. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The vicissitudes of providence.

- 1 THE gifts indulgent heav'n bestows,
Are variously convey'd ;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.
- 2 While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind ?
- 3 More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er ;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.
- 4 Then, Christian ! send thy fears away,
Nor sink in gloomy care ;
Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to-day,
To-morrow may be fair.

165. C. M. JERVIS.

Consolatory views of providence.

- 1 THE God of heav'n is kind and just :
Then let not man complain ;
Nor e'er his providence distrust,
His high decrees arraign.

- 2 Tho' clouds should darken all the scene,
Be this thy steadfast aim,
Still to preserve a mind serene,
Free from all guilt and shame.
- 3 The lowliest flow'rs that deck the field,
Thy mute instructors are ;
And wholesome admonition yield
Against corroding care.
- 4 O ! listen to kind nature's voice :
To heav'n direct thine eyes ;
There nobler objects claim thy choice,
And brighter prospects rise.
- 5 Far from anxiety and care,
Still seek that blissful shore,
Where discontent and dark despair
Shall rend thy heart no more.

166. C. M. JERVIS.

GOD our consolation in adversity and distress.

- 1 TO calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly Friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret woe control ;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh ;
Canst sooth each mortal care ;

And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save
From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

5 When, pale and languid all the frame,
The ruthless hand of pain
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,
The help of man is vain.

6 'Tis thou, great GOD ! alone canst check
The progress of disease ;
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal Source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel !
In sorrow, and in joy, to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

167. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

*Encouragement from the experience of GOD's
goodness.*

1 THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest

- From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye just, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear :
Make you his service your delight ;
Your wants shall be his care.

PART VI.

Thanksgiving.

168. S. M. MRS STEELE.

Obligation to gratitude and praise.

- 1 MY Maker, and my King !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
From whence my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My GOD ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O what can I impart,
When all was thine before ?
Thy love demands a thankful heart ;
The gift, alas ! how poor !
- 5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
And shall my passions rove ?
LORD ! make me to thy service true,
And fill me with thy love.

O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

169. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for temporal blessings.

WE bless the LORD, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground :
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong :
He helps the weak, he guards the strong.

He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence shall appear,
When the rewarding day draws near.

170. C. M. FLEXMAN.

God our constant benefactor.

GREAT God ! to thee my grateful tongue
My fervent thanks shall raise :
Inspire my heart to raise the song,
Which celebrates thy praise.

- 2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital pow'rs;
My time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy pow'r, my ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
My help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is my repose!
Thy morning light renews the springs,
From whence my comfort flows.
- 5 In celebration of thy praise,
I will employ my breath:
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

171. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the author of our comforts, our deliverances, and our hopes.

- 1 GREAT Source of life ! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee, the vault of heav'n was spread;
By thee, the earth's foundations laid;
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim a wise and gracious God.

Thy quick'ning hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

Our lives are sacred to the LORD;
Kindled by him, by him restor'd;
And, while our hours renew their race,
May sin no more these hours disgrace!

So when, at length, by thee we 're led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With hope triumphant, may we move
To scenes of nobler life above.

172. L. M. MERRICK.

GOD, *preserver, benefactor, and saviour.*

HOW well our great Preserver knows
To weigh, and to relieve our woes!
Behold his wrath's avenging blast,
How slow to rise, how soon o'erpast!

How prompt his favour to dispense
Its life-imparting influence!
How speedy his paternal love
Our deep afflictions to remove!

Grief for a night, obtrusive guest!
Beneath our roof perchance may rest;
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each transient tear away.

Since thou wilt hearken to my pray'r,
Again the face of joy I wear:

Thy strength my fainting spirit cheers,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

- 5 With what delight, great God ! I trace
The acts of thy stupendous grace ;
To count them, were to count the sand
That lies upon the sea-beat strand.

173. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The blessings of providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father ! gracious LORD !
Kind guardian of my days !
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care ;
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray !
How little of my God I knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 Around my path what dangers rose !
What snares o'erspread my road !
No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.
- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love,
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

- 6 LORD! though this mortal frame decays,
And earthly comfort flies;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

174. C. M. ADDISON.

Gratitude to God.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran;

Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O LORD!
Thy mercy shall adore.

175. C. M. ADDISON.

The same subject.

1 O HOW shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows in my enraptur'd heart!—
But thou canst read it there.

2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in unknown worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise—
But oh ! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise.

176. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Gratitude to God for his innumerable mercies.

- 1 IN glad amazement, LORD ! I stand,
Amidst the bounties of thy hand ;
How numberless those bounties are !
How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But O ! what poor returns I make !
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back !
LORD ! I confess with humble shame,
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
It sinks beneath the mighty load :
“ What shall I render to my God ? ”
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,
And vow the remnant of my days ;
Yet what, at best, can I pretend,
Worthy such gifts from such a friend !
- 5 In deep abasement, LORD ! I see
My emptiness and poverty ;

Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make me worthier to be thine.

- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,
That heav'n may echo with my song ;
The theme, too great for time, shall be
The joy of long eternity.

177. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Blessings of providence and redemption.

- 1 MY God, what blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd mine eye !
How many pass'd almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by !
- 2 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thine exhaustless store :
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 3 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 4 Yes, I adore thee, gracious LORD !
For favours more divine ;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 5 My highest praise, alas, how poor !
How cold my warmest love !
My Father ! teach me to adore,
As angels do above.

- 6 But frail mortality in vain
 Attempts the blissful song;
 The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
 Claims an immortal tongue.

178. P. M. H. M.

The love of God.

- 1 MY God! thy boundless love I praise;
 How bright on high its glories blaze!
 How sweetly bloom below!
 It streams from thine eternal throne;
 'Thro' heav'n its joys for ever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distil;
 In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,
 And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,
 And glides in ev'ry rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
 And pours its flow'ry beauties round,
 Whose sweets perfume the gale;
 Its bounties richly spread the plain,
 'The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
 And smile on ev'ry vale.
- 4 But in thy word I see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiv'n;

There, faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heav'n.

- 5 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal Good.

179. L. M. WATTS.

Blessings of providence and redemption.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul! the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And soothes the pains which nature feels:
Redeems our souls from death, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the suff'rer rest;

But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

- 6 His pow'r he show'd by 'Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 7 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

180. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 O BLESS the LORD, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the LORD, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescu'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'rer rest ;
The LORD hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for th' opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

181. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Praise for the divine goodness.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
My God demands the grateful song :
Let all my nobler pow'rs record
The wondrous mercy of the LORD.
- 2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes ;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss ! immortal food !
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.
- 4 In him the poor opprest shall find
A Friend, almighty, just and kind ;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise.

182. L. M. WATTS.

Blessings of providence and redemption.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

183. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 GIVE thanks to GOD most high,
The universal LORD,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, LORD !
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 4 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe,

From error, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

Thy mercy, LORD!
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

184. C. M. BERRIDGE.

The same subject.

- 1 THY goodness, LORD! our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, LORD!
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

185. C. M. WATTS.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My Saviour and my Shield!

He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

186. S. M. WATTS.

Praise for salvation.

1 TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
O let us all with joyful hearts,
Our humble praises sing.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present us pure,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all his faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

- 5 To God, the only wise,
All majesty belongs ;
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs.

187. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Light and deliverance.

- 1 THE weary trav'ller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of heav'nly day
Lost weary sinners find,
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves opprest with cruel chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controls.
- 5 My God ! to thy revealed light
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe.

6 'Twas thy blest hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, LORD ! to thee !

PART VII.

Divine Revelation.

188. S. M. WATTS.

The book of nature and scripture.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
'They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands ! rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word :
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the LORD.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

189. L. M. WATTS.

The works and word of GOD.

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD !
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy pow'r confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run :
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Father of lights ! in glory rise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :

LORD ! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

190. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! the heav'ns' well-order'd
frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And distant nations know their voice :
The sun, in robes of splendour drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Moves round, and bids the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God :
All nature joins to show thy praise.

Thus God in ev'ry creature shines :
Fair are the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

191. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The advantages of divine revelation.

- 1 WHEN Isr'el thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is the glorious word of God ;
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs ;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays his love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands, blest with this word !
All ye who feel its saving pow'r !
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

192. C. M. WATTS.

Excellence of scripture.

- 1 THE starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.
- 2 But still thy law and gospel, LORD !
Have lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 3 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book :
Great GOD ! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look !
- 4 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

193. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The excellency of the holy scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines !

- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast :
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 6 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

194. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Perfection of God's law.

- 1 PERFECTION ! 'tis an empty name,
Nor can repay our cares ;
And he that seeks it here below,
Must end the search with tears.
- 2 Great David on his royal throne,
The beauteous and the strong,

Rich in the spoils of conquer'd foes,
Amidst th' applauding throng,

3 With all his mind's capacious pow'rs,
Pursu'd the shade in vain ;
Not heard in his melodious voice,
Or harp's angelic strain.

4 From public to domestic scenes
Th' impatient monarch turns—
The friend, the husband, and the sire,
In sad succession mourns.

5 At length, thy law, eternal God !
He through his tears describes,
And, wrapt amidst those sacred folds,
He finds the heav'nly prize.

6 There will I seek perfection too,
Where David's God is known ;
Nor envy, with this volume blest,
His treasures and his throne.

195. C. M. WATTS.

The consolation of scripture.

1 LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

196. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 THE volume of my Father's grace,
Does all my grief assuage:
His cheering promises I trace
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 2 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
The merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 4 Oh! may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

197. C. M. WATTS.

Instruction to the young from scripture.

- 1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

198. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The perfect law of liberty.

- 1 BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives:
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives!
- 2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart,
'To reign o'er ev'ry thought.
- 3 Great Author of each perfect gift!
Thy gracious pow'r display,
That our ungrateful, wand'ring hearts
May hearken and obey.

199. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Light and comfort from the scriptures.

- 1 TO GOD, its Source, my soul aspires;
Come, LORD! and fill my vast desires:
Be thou my portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess.
- 2 O! let thy sacred word impart
Its gen'rous influence to my heart;
With pow'r, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.
- 3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.
- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er
And this vain world shall tempt no more
- 5 O! may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns;
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

200. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Scripture teachings, and their happy consequences.

- 1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays!
Father of spirits and of grace!
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heav'nly day ;
And seek thine influence with the word,
To teach our souls to know the LORD.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their fathers' God ;
And, form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children plac'd at Jesus' feet ;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

201. C. M. COWPER.

The light and glory of the world.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun !
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
His gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
P

Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

202. C. M. WATTS.

Delight in scripture.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !
 'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 How doth thy word my heart engage !
 How well employ my tongue !
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yield me a heav'nly song.
- 3 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis a divine repast ;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.
- 4 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
 Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.
- 5 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope ;
 And there I write thy praise.

203. C. M.

Reason a divine gift.

- 1 WHAT heav'nly wisdom has bestow'd,
 O! let not man despise ;

Reason 's a gift our praise demands ;
It lifts us to the skies.

2 How could we know or value truth
Without this beam of light ?
Or conscience feel of right and wrong,
Or in God's praise delight ?

3 For reason and for conscience too,
Accept our praise, O LORD !
May *this* be pure, and *that* be clear,
And both embrace thy word.

204. S. M. SCOTT.

The right and duty of private judgment.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 LORD ! give the light we need ;
With soundest knowledge fill ;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

205. L. M. MERRICK.

Religion without superstition.

- 1 FAR hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain !
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page,
My happier choice, great God ! engage.
- 2 O, ever faithful to thy word,
Do thou thy vital strength afford ;
Thy help impart, Eternal Sire !
Nor let my hope in shame expire.
- 3 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What danger shall my soul invade ?
Nor errors cloud, nor arts of sin
My soul from thy obedience win.

PART VIII.

Christ and Christianity.

206. S. M. WATTS.

The excellency of the gospel.

- 1 BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
For ever sure thy promise, LORD!
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God! how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!
- 5 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Father and my God.

207. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 I LOVE the volumes of thy word :
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw ;
These are my study and delight :
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, LORD !
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.
- 4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My GOD ! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature not in vain.

208. L. M. WATTS.

The excellency of the christian religion.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! how well thy truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how sure they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 2 Though we should trace the globe around,
And ev'ry diff'rent system scan,
There will be no religion found
So just to GOD, so safe to man.
- 3 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn as vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

209. C. M. WATTS.

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest !
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abrah'm first ;
His truth fulfils the grace :
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs.

210. P. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Praise to the God of our salvation.

- 1 HAIL the God of our salvation !
Triumph in redeeming love ;
Let us with glad exultation
Imitate the blest above.
- 2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Border'd on the shades of death,
He hath, by his grace revealing,
Scatter'd all the clouds beneath.
- 3 Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him ev'ry thankful heart.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heav'n we take our place ;
There enraptur'd fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

211. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The christian scheme of salvation worthy of
God.*

- 1 IMMORTAL God ! on thee we call,
The Great Original of all ;
From thee we are, to thee we tend ;
Our sure support, our glorious end.
- 2 We praise that wise, that wondrous grace
That pitied our revolted race,

- And Jesus, our victorious head,
The captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead ;
And sinful worms to him are giv'n
A colony to people heav'n.
- 4 Jesus for us (O gracious name)
Encounter'd agony and shame ;
Jesus, the glorious and the great,
Was by his suff'rings made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy son, and worthy thee ;
And while this theme employs our tongues,
All heav'n unites its sweetest songs.

212. C. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through God's eternal name ;
His promises exalt their hope ;
And who shall dare condemn ?
- 3 The LORD, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

- Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine ;
Quicken'd by him our souls shall live,
And cheer'd by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west ;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fix'd on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day !

228. S. M. LINDSEY'S COLLECTION.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 BEHOLD, the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the LORD !
God's well-beloved Son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Meekness and patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the LORD,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

- 4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts:
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts!
- 5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way:
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

229. P. M. WESLEY.

The star of Jacob.

- 1 SONS of men, behold him far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

230. C. M. WATTS.

Light and salvation by Jesus Christ.

- 1 BE ev'ry vale exalted high;
Sink ev'ry mountain low:
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall God's salvation know.

- 2 The heathen realms, with Isr'el's land,
Shall join in sweet accord ;
And all that 's born of man shall see
The glory of the LORD.
- 3 Behold the morning star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit !
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet.

231. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the LORD ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again ;
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

232. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the living stone.

- 1 WITH ecstasy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our mortal frame ;
He built the church who spread the sky,
Shout and exalt his honours high.
- 2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine ;

In Christ, his best-lov'd Son,
How bright his glories shine !
Who yields to death—in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

3 But he for ever lives,
Nor for himself alone ;
Each saint new life derives
From him the living stone :
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one house unites the whole.

4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand,
The living temple grows
And owns the founder's hand :
That structure, LORD ! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its Builder's praise.

5 Descend and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace ;
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place.
Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own our GOD is ALL in ALL.

233. L. M. BUTCHER.

Miracles of Christ.

1 WHAT works of wisdom, pow'r and love
Do Jesus' high commission prove !
Attest his heav'n-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name !

2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray ;

And deafen'd ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

- 3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through ev'ry nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental pow'rs;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire JEHOVAH's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's pow'r,
And not the God he serv'd adore?

234. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
 strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!

- Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight :
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love :
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

235. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 GOD of my mercy and my praise !
Thy glory is my song ;
I 'll speak the honours of thy grace
With a rejoicing tongue.
- 2 When Christ among the sons of men,
In humble form was found ;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd :
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

- 5 O may his conduct, all-divine,
To me a model prove :
Like his, O God ! my heart incline
My enemies to love.

236. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 I READ my duty in the word
Of my Redeemer and my Lord ;
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 What zeal his mission to fulfil !
What def'rence to his Father's will !
His love and meekness, how divine !
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of his pray'r ;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts and his vict'ries too.
- 4 He is my pattern ; may I bear
More of his gracious image here !
Then shall I find my humble name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

237. C. M. DR ENFIELD.

The same subject.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labour'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd ;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

238. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's submission to his Father's will.

- 1 "FATHER divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,

And prostrate on the ground he lay :
“ Remove this bitter cup away.

- 2 “ But if these pangs must still be borne,
And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say—*Thy will, not mine, be done.*”
- 3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low ;
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone
Would say—*Thy will, not ours, be done.*
- 4 Then, tho’ like him in dust we lie,
We ’ll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

239. C. M. A.

The glory of the man Jesus.

- 1 WELCOME the hope of Isr’el’s race !
Herald of love divine !
Jesus, great prophet ! in whose face
Celestial glories shine.
- 2 Offspring of David ! son of man !
Brother of human kind !
First-born of the prophetic train !
Ray of the Father’s mind !
- 3 Sun of the mental world, he shone,
With beams of righteousness ;
Pour’d forth from the eternal throne,
The fount of truth and grace.

- 4 Nor heav'n-descended truth and grace
Alone his glory show'd ;
Virtue illumin'd all his days,
His life with virtue glow'd.
- 5 In the sad hour of nature's dread,
He sought his Father's throne ;
Breath'd out his soul, and meekly said,
"Thy will, O God ! be done."
- 6 Lo ! king of terrors !—there thy prey :—
But, see heav'n swift to save !
The captive spurns captivity,
The conqu'ror is the slave.
- 7 No more the man of griefs and cares ;
Of life and glory Lord ;
He calls his brethren fellow-heirs,
Their glory *his* reward.
- 8 Time ! hasten on thy chariot wheels ;
Bring vict'ry from the skies ;
Descend the everlasting hills ;
Bid prostrate nations rise.

240. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Attractive influence of a crucified Saviour.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high !
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony !
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne ?

Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And op'd his gushing side.

4 In sympathy of love
Let all the earth combine;
And drawn by cords so gentle, prove
The energy divine.

5 In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

241. P. M.

The death and resurrection of Jesus.

1 HE dies, the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Here 's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous king!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

242. L. M. WATTS.

Christ glorified in his resurrection.

- 1 LO! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did neglect!
But God hath built his church thereon,
Though Jacob's sons that stone reject.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes:
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna! let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church revere their king,
And celebrate his Father's grace.

243. P. M. WESLEYS.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns; and earth, reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king:
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Dying once he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

244. P. M. SCOTT.

The same subject.

- 1 ANGEL, roll the rock away;
Hallelujah!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong;
Shout the Son of God this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.

- 4 Hail ! victorious Jesus, hail !
On thy cloud of glory sail
In long triumph thro' the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 5 Heav'n displays her portals wide,
Glorious hero ! thro' them ride ;
King of glory ! mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thine own.
- 6 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic fires !
Raptur'd sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men ! in humbler strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 7 Ev'ry note with wonder swell ;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell !
Where is now, O death ! thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquish'd king ?

245. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

He is not here, but is risen.

- 1 YE humble souls, that seek the LORD,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do ;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise ;

And wash the bloody stains away
With torrents from your eyes.

- 4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqu'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands, he rears
His once dishonour'd head ;
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Thro' all his shining way.

246. L. M. BUTCHER.

The resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA ! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king ;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.
- 2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold the angel cleave the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise !
- 3 With strength immortal forth he comes,
And pow'r and life from God resumes ;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall for ever last.

- 4 Ye tribes of Adam, raise the song,
And bid angelic harps prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace,
Which seal'd salvation to our race.
- 5 Salvation! joy-inspiring theme!
Best gift of him who reigns supreme;
Sweet balm of ev'ry human woe,
And source of boundless joy below.
- 6 Salvation! sons of men, record
The glories of your rising Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died, and conquer'd when he fell.

247. S. M.

The same subject.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed;
The welcome news with gladness hear;
The Lord is ris'n indeed!
- 2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display:
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn
Unbars the gates of day.
- 3 Angelic hosts above,
The rising victor sing;
And all the blissful seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.
- 4 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise;

Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
And ev'ry mouth be praise.

248. L. M. EDWARD TAYLOR.

The same subject.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant their solemn lay :
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
Ye everlasting doors ! give way."
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
He bursts the bands of death and night,
And heav'n receives the conqu'ror in.
- 4 Whom did the Lord of life subdue ?
The tyrant death his arm o'ercame,
The world and hell his pow'r o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
The Christ, with God's own pow'r possest ;
And made our King and Saviour too :
Thanks be to God, for ever blest !

249. L. M. WATTS.

The ascension of Christ.

- 1 REJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh !

Who can this King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's he.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.

3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

250. S. M. WATTS.

The triumph of Christ's kingdom.

1 MAKER, and sov'reign LORD
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas !
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews, with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the LORD ?

3 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design :
Against the LORD their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

4 The LORD derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

- 5 He asks, and God bestows
 A large inheritance ;
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
 His kingdom shall advance.

251. L. M. WATTS.

The success of the gospel.

- 1 THUS the Eternal Father spake
 To Christ his Son, "Ascend and sit
 At my right hand, till I shall make
 Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
 When men shall flock with willing minds,
 And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !
 What a great vict'ry shall ensue !
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

252. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Blessed effects of the gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the descending rain !
 To heav'n from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;

But waters earth
Thro' ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.
- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its pow'r,
 And bear it down
 To millions more.
- 4 "Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise :
 The vocal groves
 Shall sing the God,
 And ev'ry tree
 Consenting nod."

253. L. M. WATTS.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Till ev'ry land his rule shall own.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And wise and good are his commands ;
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppression rage no more.
- 3 They form to righteousness the mind,
To all that 's candid, gentle, kind ;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions sooth to rest.
- 4 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round ;
Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand ;
Till all shall love thee, and adore,
And vice and mis'ry be no more.

254. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel.

- 1 GREAT God of grace! arise and shine,
With beams of heav'nly light;
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.
- 2 No more may senseless idols share
The honours due to thee:
May ev'ry nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.
- 3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.
- 4 With its own pure and native light,
LORD! may thy gospel shine:
May error fly like noxious mists
Before this light divine.
- 5 Whilst heav'n-born truth her charms re-
veals,
May love each breast inspire;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

255. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 TO God let fervent pray'rs arise
With ev'ry daily sacrifice,

- The great Messiah's reign to spread,
And with new honours crown his head.
- 2 Soon may he reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 3 Great God! may realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on thy love with sweetest song;
And with united hearts proclaim,
That grace and truth by Jesus came.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest,
And contrite hearts with peace are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
The sting of death is known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Parent of good! to thee we trace
These boundless stores of richest grace;
All have their source in love divine,
And be the praise and glory thine!

256. P. M. COWPER.

The future peace and glory of the church.

- 1 HEAR what GOD, the LORD, hath spoken:
O my people! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken;
Fair abodes I build for you:

- Themes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow ;
For the LORD, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the LORD, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

257: P. M. DODDRIDGE.

*The wilderness transformed, or the happy
effects of the gospel.*

- 1 AMAZING, beauteous change !
A world created new !
Our thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view.
In all we trace,
Father divine !

The work is thine,
Be thine the praise!

- 2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands;
The river's winding way
Shines thro' the thirsty lands.

New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

- 3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flow'rs, for ever new,
Th' enamell'd fields adorn;

The blushing rose,
And lily there
In union fair
Their sweets disclose.

- 4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare, and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade.

Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

- 5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;

But infant hands
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

- 6 O when, almighty LORD!
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes?
That earth may raise,
With all her tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

258. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Glory of the church in the latter day.

- 1 O ZION! tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh;
Cheerful in GOD,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all resplendent grace
He sheds upon thy head;
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

- 3 In honour to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright ;
Pursue his praise,
Till sov'reign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.
- 4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres
His influence own.
259. C. M. MRS STEELE. ,
The love of God in the gospel.
- 1 LORD! we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown,
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved Son.
- 2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor !
Your Father's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store,
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 3 Here shall your num'rous wants receive
A free and full supply ;
God has unmeasur'd bliss to give,
And joys that never die.

- 4 LORD ! bring unwilling souls to thee,
By thine all gracious pow'r ;
Thy boundless love let sinners see,
And at thy feet adore.

260. L. M. WATTS.

Invitations.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls !
Ye heavy-laden sinners ! come :
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to a heav'nly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me ;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind :
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Great God ! we come at this command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

261. P. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The same subject.

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain :
Ye, whose swoll'n and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn ;
Here repose your heavy care :
Conscience wounded, who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

262. C. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
LORD! we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

263. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

1 THE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles, reviving, round.

2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your ev'ry pain;
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

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- 4 Ye sinners, come ! 'tis Mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Freely approach, and welcome taste
The blessings of his love ;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

264. C. M. WESLEYS.

The new creation by Christ.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my head ;
I trust in thee, whose pow'rful word
Hath rais'd him from the dead.
- 2 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus giv'n ;
And all who seek, thro' him, shall find
The happiness of heav'n.
- 3 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove ;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.
- 4 To thee, the glory of thy pow'r
And faithfulness I give ;
I shall in Christ at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

265. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's second appearing.

- 1 MY waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.
- 2 Behold the fi'ry deluge roll
Through heav'n's wide arch from pole to
pole,
Pale sun—no more thy lustre boast;
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.
- 3 The wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss or unknown woe.
- 5 LORD! to my eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To find complete redemption there.

266. L. M. JERVIS.

The same subject.

- 1 THAT solemn day will soon arrive,
Th' important, the decisive day,
When, from death's awful slumber rous'd,
God's dread command all must obey.

- 2 Deep thunders usher in the morn,
And through the heav'ns tremendous roll :
The wide expanse is all on fire,
While lightnings blaze from pole to pole.
- 3 In glory, see ! the Judge descends,
Array'd in majesty and might ;
Attended by ten thousand saints,
And angels of celestial light.
- 4 The trumpet's loud and dreadful blast,
Sounds through the regions of the dead :
With terror some, and some with joy,
Rise from the dust, their lowly bed.
- 5 All-righteous and eternal Judge !
When summon'd at thy bar to stand ;
May we, acquitted and approv'd,
Be crown'd with bliss at thy right hand.

267. P. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 LO! he comes from heav'n descending,
Sent to judge both quick and dead ;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See our great exalted head.

Hallelujah !

Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

- 2 Full of awful expectation,
All before the Judge appear ;
Truth and justice go before him ;
Now the joyful sentence hear.

Hallelujah !

Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

- 3 “Come, ye blessed of my Father,
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fear and sorrow,
Endless praise be your employ.
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.”
- 4 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King ;
There, with all the hosts of heav’n,
They eternal anthems sing.
Hallelujah !
Glory be to God on high.

PART IX.

Penitential.

268. C. M. COWPER.

Human frailty acknowledged.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life's voyage is of awful length,
Through dangers little known:
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

269. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Inconstancy in religion lamented.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treach'rous vows renew ;
False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
And transient as the dew.
- 4 Low at thy feet our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Arm'd with this energy divine,
Our souls shall constant prove,
And, with increasing transport, press
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So, by thy pow'r, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

270. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

Reliance on God's compassion to human weakness.

- 1 GREAT God ! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft give way ;
If doubt or passion should prevail
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray :
- 2 On thy compassion I rely ;
Let not thy frowns my faults reprove ;
Regard me with a father's eye,
And guide me with a father's love.

271. L. M. WATTS.

Penitence.

- 1 SHOW pity, LORD ! O LORD, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in thee ?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
And tho' my pray'r thou shouldst not hear,
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O LORD !
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Seeks for some precious promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but don't surpass
The riches of eternal grace ;

Great GOD ! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain;
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And ev'ry pow'r shall join to bless
The LORD, my strength and righteousness.

272. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 O THOU who hear'st when sinners cry !
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Renew me, O my GOD ! within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Thy freely pard'ning grace impart,
And shed thy love thro' all my heart.
- 3 Though I have oft offended, LORD !
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And hear, while prostrate at thy throne,
I plead, and trust, thy grace alone.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King !
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 5 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God ! restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy grace ;
Sinners shall learn to seek thy face,
Forsake the evil ways they trod,
And love and serve a pard'ning God.

273. P. M. MERRICK.

*Freedom from error, guilt, and folly, im-
plored.*

- 1 BLEST Instructor ! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, LORD ! one root behind.
- 2 Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise ;
Let me thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude :
- 3 So my lot shall ne'er be join'd
With the men whose impious mind,
Fearless of thy just command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.
- 4 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee :
To thy all observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
- 5 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,

Blest Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God, my strength! propitious hear.

274. C. M. WATTS.

Want of religious zeal lamented.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, LORD!
Yet still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
What faint impressions of thy grace
My languid pow'rs retain!
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 4 Great God! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write all its precepts on my heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 5 O speed my progress in the way
That leads to joys on high;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

275. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Absence from God.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;

- Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, Return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light !
Without one cheering ray ;
Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy :
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy !

276. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Returning to God.

- 1 THE LORD, how kind are all his ways,
When most they seem severe !
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.

- 3 Return, ye wand'ring souls ! return,
And seek his tender breast ;
Call back the mem'ry of the days
When there you found your rest.
- 4 Behold, O LORD ! we fly to thee,
Tho' blushes veil our face ;
Constrain'd our last retreat to seek
In thy much injur'd grace.

277. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Hearing the voice of God's rod.

- 1 ATTEND, my soul, with rev'rent awe
The dictates of thy God ;
Silent and trembling hear the voice
Of his appointed rod.
- 2 Now let me search and try my ways,
And prostrate seek his face,
Conscious of guilt, before his throne
In dust my soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, my God ! what's yet unknown,
And all my crimes forgive ;
Those crimes I would no more repeat,
But to thy honour live.
- 4 My wither'd joys too plainly show
That all on earth is vain ;
In God my wounded heart confides,
True rest and bliss to gain.
- 5 Father ! I wait thy gracious call
To leave this mournful land,

And bathe in rivers of delight
That flow at thy right hand.

278. C. M. MRS CARTER.

Mercy to the penitent.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And, with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul !
- 2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentlest, best-lov'd attribute,
'To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our hearts adore thy mercy, LORD !
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

279. C. M. JERVIS.

Peace to the returning penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice that speaks
The words of life and peace;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind;
Thy mercy, LORD! reveal:
The broken heart 'tis thou canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, LORD! restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Conduct me in the path that leads
To everlasting rest.

280. C. M. JERVIS.

Penitent supplication.

- 1 THOU, LORD! in mercy wilt regard
The upright and sincere:
Thou wilt, with gracious eye, behold
The penitential tear.
- 2 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,
The pow'r of vice control;
Restore bright reason's ray divine,
To purify the soul.

- 3 O God ! from error turn my feet,
That I no more may stray;
And guide my steps direct and safe,
In virtue's peaceful way.
- 4 Let me no more, with wilful mind,
Thy righteous laws offend :
Then shall I know nor guilt nor fear,
If thou be still my friend.

281. L. M. JERVIS.

The guilty mind relieved by the hope of forgiveness.

- 1 WHILE, with remorse and woe opprest,
Distraction haunts the guilty breast ;
The broken heart, the troubled mind,
In God alone shall succour find.
- 2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal ;
The charms of mercy to reveal ;
He grants the penitent relief,
And cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.
- 3 When by temptation's billows tost,
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost ;
Still, hope, the anchor of the soul,
Shall folly's beating wave control.
- 4 To all the world's delusive joys,
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,
The sinner bids a long farewell,
And loves with purity to dwell.

- 5 In her secure and calm retreat,
He now enjoys a tranquil state ;
Conscious that God will deign to hear
The contrite, humble, and sincere.

282. L. M. MERRICK.

Imploring divine protection.

- 1 THINE eyes in me the sheep behold,
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold ;
That guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again :
- 2 Now listens, if perchance its ear
The shepherd's well-known voice may hear ;
Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accents vents its woe.
- 3 Great Ruler of this earthly ball !
Do thou my erring steps recall ;
O seek thou him who thee has sought,
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

283. S. M. WATTS.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest to whom the LORD
Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;

Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their souls sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
But I renounc'd my former sins,
And peace and pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let all keep near the throne ;
Our help in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PART X.

Devout Affections and Good Resolutions.

284. L. M. MERRICK.

The pleasures of devotion.

- 1 GOD of my strength ! to thee I cry ;
To thee, my surest refuge, fly :
O may thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray !
- 2 Conduct me to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet ;
And there, in all its best array,
My heart its richest gifts shall pay.
- 3 Thy mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield ;
Thy love does all my bosom fire,
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
- 4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose ;
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

285. C. M. MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;

- And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :—
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :—
That heart shall rest on thee !

286. S. M. WATTS.

Daily devotion.

- 1 WHILE thoughtless sinners choose
The road that leads to death ;
I, in the service of my God,
Will spend my daily breath.

- 2 I 'll worship at his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I 'll seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 With all my anxious cares,
I 'll lean upon the LORD ;
I 'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

287. L. M. WALKER.

Communion with God.

- 1 ENOUGH of life's vain scene I 've trod,
Sweet is this interval of rest :
With cheerful heart I meet my God,
His presence makes me truly blest.
- 2 Father and Friend ! relations dear,
Rejoicing to the human soul ;
They lift us above ev'ry fear,
And ills (if ills there be) control.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light
That pours from the bright orb of day,
Revealing to our raptur'd sight
The world in all its rich display.
- 4 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,
The touching charities of man ;

Friend, fellow, child and parent rise,
Endearing life's progressive plan.

- 5 But light and life would soon be vile,
And all their dearest pleasures fall,
Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,
Without thy presence gladd'ning all.

288. C. M. WATTS.

God our only happiness.

- 1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love!
My everlasting All!
I 've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy brighter beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp th' extended shore,
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more.

289. C. M. WATTS.

Support and counsel from God.

- 1 LET heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast,
Where the true God is known.
- 2 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup:
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 3 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light:
He gives me kind advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Nor death itself my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

290. C. M. WATTS.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help forever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, LORD ! shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
GOD is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die ;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God !
Shall be my sweet employ :
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

291. S. M. WATTS.

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head ;

And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, LORD !
For ever I 'll abide :
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name :
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

292. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Refuge and strength in the mercy of God.

1 MY GOD ! 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies ;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my GOD ! art near :
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry fear.

3 My great Protector, and my LORD !
Thy constant aid impart ;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat ;
Still let me trust thy pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

293. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Hope in the contemplation of the divine perfections.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh ?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand :
That gracious hand, on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline :
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread ! how bright they
shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless pow'r !
Unchanging faithfulness and love !—
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God ! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD !
And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am blest.

294. C. M. MRS STEELE.

God the only refuge of the troubled mind.

- 1 ALMIGHTY refuge of my soul !
On thee, when sorrows rise ;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 While hope revives, though press'd with
fears,
And I can say, " my God,"
Before thy throne I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal ;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 4 But oh ! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 5 Yet, gracious God ! where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 6 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;
Here let my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

295. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Desiring assurance of the favour of God.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of joys divine!
To thee my soul aspires:
O could I say, "The LORD is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refin'd;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Thy smile can gild the shade of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease;
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,
And sweeten pain to peace.
- 4 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my LORD!
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove:
- 5 Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heav'nly rapture tune my voice,
To sound thy praise abroad.

296. P. M. MRS BARBAULD.

Devout aspirations.

- 1 GOD, our kind Master, merciful as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is
dust:
His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

- 2 He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere :
He marks the dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
- 3 O ! set me from all earthly bondage free ;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee :
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

297. P. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The same subject.

- 1 IF, friendless, in the vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex
my way ;
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.
- 2 In every creature, LORD ! I own thy pow'r ;
In each event thy providence adore ;
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
- 3 Then, when at last I quit this transient scene,
Help me to leave it with a heart serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

298. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The Lord's prayer imitated.

- 1 FATHER of all ! Eternal Mind !
Supremely good and great !

- Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly seat.
- 2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung ;
We join the solemn praise :
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.
- 3 Thy mild, thy wise and righteous reign,
Let ev'ry being own ;
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.
- 4 As angels in the heav'nly worlds
Thy bless'd commands fulfil ;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy holy will.
- 5 On thee we day by day depend ;
Our daily wants supply ;
With truth and virtue feed our souls,
That they may never die.
- 6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault ;
Oh let thy love forgive !
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.
- 7 Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread ;
Or turn all real evil far
From our unguarded head.
- 8 Thy sacred name we would adore,
With cheerful, humble mind ;

And praise thy goodness, pow'r, and truth,
Eternal, unconfin'd.

299. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The prayer of Jacob.

- 1 O GOD of Jacob ! by whose hand
Thine Isr'el still is fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our pray'r ;
And in thy kind and faithful breast,
Deposit all our care.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path
Wilt be our constant guide ;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till these our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace ;
- 5 To thee, as to our cov'nant-God,
We 'll our whole selves resign ;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have is thine.

300. C. M. SELECT COLLECTION.

Aspirations after the christian temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! LORD of all !
Of life the only Spring !

Creator of unnumber'd worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit ;
I 'll bless the good, and to the ill
Resignedly submit.

4 With gen'rous pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known :
Oh ! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food :
I ask not wealth or fame :
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

7 May still my days serenely pass
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

301. S. M. PATRICK.

Virtuous desires.

- 1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct ;
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who him in truth obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love ;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.
- 4 O! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

302. C. M. WATTS.

Desire of virtue.

- 1 O THAT the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will !
- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD !
But keep my conscience clear.

- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep ;
And, since I 've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

303. C. M. WATTS.

Desire of knowledge.

- 1 THY mercies fill the earth, O LORD !
How good thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand ;
My service is thy due :
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I 'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 If God to me his statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I 'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.
- 5 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief ;

It made me prize thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

304. L. M. MERRICK.

Desire of instruction.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, LORD ! thy way ;
That to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.
- 2 Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight ;
That rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity mine eye ;
To me thy quick'ning strength supply ;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

305. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for spiritual and eternal blessings

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light !
Supremely good and wise !
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
 With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
 And tune our lips to praise.
- 3 Safely conduct us by thy grace,
 Through life's perplexing road,
To pleasures, which forever flow
 At thy right hand, O God !

306. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Divine influence.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God ! is felt
 Through nature's ample round ;
In heav'n, on earth, thro' air and skies,
 Thine energy is found.
- 2 Father of lights ! thine aid dispense
 To guide our doubtful way !
Thy truth shall scatter ev'ry cloud
 And make a glorious day.
- 3 Supported by thy heav'nly grace,
 We 'll do and bear thy will ;
Thy grace shall make each burden light,
 And ev'ry murmur still.
- 4 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we 'll fearless tread
 The gloomy path of death ;
And, with the hope of endless bliss,
 Resign to thee our breath.

307. L. M. H. M.

Heavenly guidance implored.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Shed down, O LORD ! a heav'nly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;
But thro' this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

308. C. M. WATTS.

Christian zeal and diligence.

- 1 ARE not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road ?
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

- 3 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace !
- 4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the LORD.

309. C. M. WATTS.

Virtuous resolutions.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
May dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.
- 2 To meditate thy precepts, LORD !
Shall be my sweet employ :
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word ;
Thy word is all my joy.
- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From vice and passion's hateful bands,
And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
Whatever loss or scorn I bear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Depart from me, ye wicked race !
Whose hands and hearts are ill :

I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

310. C. M. WATTS.

Parting with worldly joys.

- 1 MY soul forsakes each vain delight,
And bids the world adieu :
How mean thy boasted joys appear,
And full of danger too !
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more :
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.
- 3 There 's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire :
To nobler and more lasting joys
My rising thoughts aspire.
- 4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and sense refin'd ;
Still springing from the throne of God
To cheer th' enraptur'd mind.

311. L. M. WATTS.

Devout profession of sincerity.

- 1 LET sorrow, LORD ! my bosom fill,
When impious men transgress thy will :
Teach me to mourn when lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 With indignation may I treat
The works of malice and deceit ;

And ever from their friendship flee,
Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.

3 LORD! search my soul, try ev'ry thought:
If my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a vain disguise,
I seek the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way!

312. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The heart laid open before God.

1 SEARCHER of hearts! before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O! let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

4 To humble penitence and pray'r
Be gentle pity giv'n;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heav'n.

313. C. M. WATTS.

Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God !
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
 And glory in my choice ;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before mine eyes ;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways ;
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine :
 O save thy servant, LORD !
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
 My hope is in thy word.
- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil ;
 And thus till mortal life shall end,
 Would I perform thy will.

314. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The living sacrifice.

- 1 AND will the eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring, LORD! with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame!
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

315. C. M. WATTS.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face:
O! let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace!
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep me pure within,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.
- 3 My God! I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

316. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wandering sheep recovered.

- 1 LORD! we have wander'd from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.
- 2 Expos'd to want, expos'd to harm,
Far from our gentle shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wand'rings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, LORD!
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us that we stray no more.

PART XI.

Motives to a virtuous Conduct.

317. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Value of the knowledge of God.

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light!
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarg'd, adoring sight,
With lustre all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise,
Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame,
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to learn his name,
True life to do his will.
- 4 For this I long, for this I pray;
This let me still pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

318. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The pearl of great price.

- 1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth ! adieu :
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
To make this jewel mine.
- 4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of such a gift possess'd,
I 'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

319. P. M. H. M.

Unfading beauty.

- 1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear.
Will quickly fade and fly ;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

- 2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay ;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heav'n on high
Beam everlasting day.

320. C. M. WATTS.

Voluntary obedience.

- 1 NOT by the terrors of a slave
Thy sons perform thy will ;
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,
Thy blest commands fulfil.
- 2 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.
- 3 O happy men ! O glorious state
Of thy abounding grace ;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his blissful face !

321. C. M. WATTS.

Progressive virtue.

- 1 MERE human pow'rs shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But those who wait upon the LORD,
In strength shall still increase.

- 2 They, with unweari'd feet, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 3 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar;
The wings of faith and love;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

322. C. M.

Happiness seated in the mind.

- 1 IN vain, alas! from shore to shore,
In search of bliss we roam,
And strange delights abroad explore;
Our best reside at home.
- 2 Within the just and pious heart
Our truest joys we find;
Which calm and sweet repose impart,
And leave no sting behind.

323. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Religion the way to happiness.

- 1 O HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream!
Where is thy substance found?
Sought thro' the varying scenes, in vain,
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 Religion's sacred lamp alone
Unerring points the way,
Where happiness for ever shines
With unpolluted ray:

- 3 To regions of eternal peace,
Beyond the starry skies ;
Where pure, sublime, and perfect joys
In endless prospect rise.

324. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Virtue the source of peace.

- 1 FOKSAKE, my soul, the tents of sin ;
How false her joys appear !
Noise and confusion dwell within ;
Peace is a stranger there.
- 2 The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share ;
Or if he lifts his chast'ning rod,
'Tis with a Father's care.
- 3 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just,
His wisdom point their way ;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.
- 4 O then, begin the joyful task,
His praise employ your tongue ;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

325. P. M. MRS MASTERS.

The pleasures of religion.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live :
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.

- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity :
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

326. S. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 COME, ye who love the LORD !
And let your joys be known :
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus approach his throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Th' eternal God is ours,
The God whose name is Love ;
He will send down his quick'ning pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never more shall sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The sons of God have found
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our joys increase,
And ev'ry tear be dry :

We 're trav'ling thro' the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

327. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The comforts of religion.

- 1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fear
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade:
- 2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage
At her divine control.
- 3 Thro' life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thine aid!
- 5 O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

328. P. M. H. M.

The unrivalled beauty and glory of religion.

- 1 SOFT are the fruitful show'rs that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale :
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.
- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiv'n ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptur'd soul she tells
Of peace and promis'd heav'n.
- 3 Fair are the flow'rs that deck the ground ;
And groves and gardens blooming round,
Unnumber'd charms unfold :
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.
- 4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness drest,
Where heav'n's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

329. L. M. COTTON.

A good conscience the best support.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys which hurt the soul;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last:
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends betray their trust.
- 3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd;
But fearless meet the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though heav'n afflict, I 'll not repine:
The noblest comforts still are mine;
Comforts which over death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils:
And shall I murmur at my God,
When love supreme directs the rod?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

330. L. M. BUTCHER.

A good and evil conscience.

- 1 A WOUNDED conscience, what a foe!
It poisons every bliss below:
A peaceful conscience, what a friend!
It leads to joys that never end.
- 2 Supported by an honest mind,
What rich relief can mis'ry find!
How doubly joyful is success,
When conscience ev'ry step can bless!
- 3 Almighty God! thine aid we pray
To guard us in the trying day;
Wherever duty bids us go,
A smiling conscience may we know!

331. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

God the Christian's refuge.

- 1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's
head,
He flies unto his God;
And under his refreshing shade
Finds a secure abode.
- 2 When foes without, and fears within,
Seek to disturb his peace,
To God he makes his sorrows known,
And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3 When winds of strong temptation blow,
And floods of trouble roll,

God is the help, and refuge too,
Of his distressed soul.

- 4 But when tremendous terrors seize,
Where will the sinner fly?
He feels a thousand agonies,
And no deliv'rer nigh!

332. S. M. WATTS.

Difference between the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 THE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall fly like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
- 5 God knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go:

But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

333. L. M. BLACKLOCK.

The same subject.

- 1 HOW blest the man, how more than blest,
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ!
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And conscience whispers peace and joy.
- 2 Pure rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and error stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and bright his view.
- 3 By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
True virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share the triumph of the skies.
- 4 But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To ev'ry storm an easy prey.

334. L. M. WATTS.

The character of a good man.

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God! and dwell before thy face?
The man who seeks thy will to know,
And humbly walks with thee below:
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:

No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
Nor will he do his neighbour wrong.

- 3 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 4 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.
- 5 He doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, LORD ! with thee.

335. L. M. WATTS.

The character and happiness of good men.

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name !
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame ;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of vice defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the just in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the LORD ;
None but the men who feel his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

336. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Heaven the reward of virtuous exertions.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the fav'rites of the LORD
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honour ! vast reward !
Conferr'd on man, by love divine.
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God !
- 4 To win them from the fatal way,
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
And that blest righteousness display,
Which Jesus taught, and God approves.
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know nor change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,
O may our spirits daily rise ;

And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

337. P. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

The voyage of human life.

- 1 THE man whose heart from vice is clear,
Whose deeds are honest and sincere,
Whom God and goodness guide ;
With cautious circumspection wise,
'The rudest storms of life defies,
And stems the mighty tide.
- 2 He hears the winds tumultuous rise
In adverse combat 'midst the skies ;
But hears without dismay :
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
And o'er the steady helm presides,
And points the destin'd way.
- 3 At length he sees the promis'd land,
He hails aloud the wish'd-for strand,
With heav'nly joy possest :
His labour past, his toil now o'er,
He lands, O Peace, on thy fair shore,
And in his God is blest.

338. C. M. WATTS.

The reward of the righteous.

- 1 MY God ! the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
'Tho' they should fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.

- 2 The LORD delights to see their ways;
Their virtue he approves:
He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Mark then the man of righteousness!
His sev'ral steps attend:
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

339. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The one thing needful.

- 1 WHY will you waste, on trifling cares,
The lives divine compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
The objects which you now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! thine aid impart,
To fix conviction on the heart:

Thy light can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

340. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wise choice.

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Father Divine ! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this frail, this wav'ring heart,
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Father ! still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

341. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking first the kingdom of God.

- 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold JEHOVAH's royal hand
A radiant crown display,

Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.

- 3 No more I seek for transient good,
Nor longer call it mine :
I spring to seize superior joys
Immortal and divine.

- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

PART XII.

The Christian Character.

342. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION. .

The duties of piety.

- 1 MY soul, before thy Maker bow ;
His wondrous works admire,
Till rev'rence and religious awe,
Thine inmost thoughts inspire.
- 2 With humble trust dismiss thy cares,
And on his love depend ;
Leave him to manage thine affairs,
To him thyself commend.
- 3 Let high esteem affection raise,
Devotion warm thy breast ;
Let thankful love excite thy praise ;
In him alone be blest.
- 4 To him thy solemn homage pay ;
His constant aid implore ;
Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day,
And thus prepare for more.
- 5 Without reserve to him submit ;
All his commands fulfil ;
Acknowledge all his actions fit ;
Nor e'er oppose his will.

343. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faith in the invisible God.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom ;
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fix'd regards, great God ! to thee.
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,
Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptur'd soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !
Witness to its supreme desire ;
Behold it presses on to thee,
For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would it urge,
To bear thee ever in its sight :
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

344. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's name the encouragement of faith.

- 1 SING to the LORD, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !

- 2 Let great JEHOVAH be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient LORD ;
He, thro' the world, most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The GOD of Abr'am, GOD of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and GOD of Christ his Son.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' pray'r ;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That it hath sought its GOD in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his pow'r, his love the same ?
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly thro' the desert tread ;
For GOD will guard where GOD shall lead.

345. C. M. WATTS.

Trust in GOD.

- 1 THY judgments, LORD ! are deep and
high ;
Unsearchable thy deeds :
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all our praise exceeds.

- 2 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace ;
For thou didst ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.
- 3 Salvation to the LORD belongs ;
His arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

346. C. M. WATTS.

The divine power and wisdom a ground of trust.

- 1 HAST thou not heard, hast thou not
known,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who form'd the earth and sky ?
- 2 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail,
When comes thy evil day ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay ?
- 3 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r,
'The Rock of ages stands :
'Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace
'The working of his hands.
- 4 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heav'nly aids impart.

347. C. M. WATTS.

Trust in the divine goodness.

- 1 I TO my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 2 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear ;
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 3 Mine innocence wilt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 4 The meek, at last, the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n :
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

348. L. M. WATTS.

Confidence in the promises of God.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid ;
Praise to the God, whose sov'reign will
All nature's laws and pow'rs fulfil.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the LORD,
Who rules his people by his word ;
Where faith contemplates his decrees,
And ev'ry gracious promise sees.

- 3 O for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith ;
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own!
- 4 Then, should the earth's vast pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 5 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the perishable skies ;
And firm their basis shall remain,
When these to chaos sink again.

349. C. M. MERRICK.

Trust in God, under the trials of virtue.

- 1 OH ! how my fears the dangers move
That virtue's paths inclose !
While I the wise pursuit approve,
Alas, what toils oppose !
- 2 For see ! ah, see ! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.
- 3 Oh ! how shall I, with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet ;
How, from the thousand snares, to guard,
And to restrain my feet ?
- 4 But why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Say why, distrustful still,

Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,
Thy Maker wise and good !

6 He to thy ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraints to give !
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the headlong tide.

350. C. M. JERVIS.

Confidence in God.

1 GREAT God ! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy pow'r and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm ;
Extended still, and strong to save,
From danger and alarm.

3 O may thy gracious presence, LORD !
Chase anxious fears away ;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay.

351. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Glorying in God alone.

- 1 THE righteous LORD, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends ;
All heav'n before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Such works are pleasing in his sight,
And such the men of his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast ;
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
Nor let the rich survey his store,
Replete with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,
That God, thy God, to thee is known ;
That thou hast own'd his sov'reign sway,
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 My wisdom, wealth, and pow'r I find
In one JEHOVAH all combin'd ;
On him I fix my roving eyes,
Till all my soul in rapture rise.
- 6 All else which I my treasure call,
May in one fatal moment fall ;
But what his happiness can move
Whom God the blessed deigns to love ?

352. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Confidence in GOD our Father.

- 1 MY GOD ! my Father ! cheering name !
O may I call thee mine ?
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good and wise :
O bend my will to thine !
- 4 Whate'er thy sov'reign will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.
- 5 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same
To cheer my drooping heart ?
- 6 Thy ways, great GOD ! are little known
To my weak erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My GOD ! my Father ! blissful name !
Beyond expression dear ;

If thou admit my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

353. L. M. BROWNE.

Dependence upon Providence.

- 1 GREAT LORD of earth, and seas, and skies!
Thy wealth the needy world supplies;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secur'd from ev'ry harm.
- 2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry rising want relieves.
- 3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing:
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.
- 4 And should thy measures seem severe,
Calmly may we thy chast'ning bear;
Without complaint to thee submit,
Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

354. C. M. MERRICK.

Acquiescence in the will of God.

- 1 AUTHOR of good! we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O! let thy pow'r within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;

That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant ;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

355. C. M. COWPER.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD ! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

- 5 But ah ! my heart within me cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else, the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

356. C. M. WATTS.

Love to God.

- 1 WHERE love and all the graces reign,
The mind is truly blest ;
For love, the noblest of the train,
Aids and exalts the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Rude passions will their sway maintain,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move ;
This is the grace that lives and reigns
In the bright realms above.

357. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Gratitude.

- 1 LORD ! when my thoughts delighted rove
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids my fears and doubts depart.
- 2 Be all my heart and all my ways
Devoted to thy fervent praise ;

And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

358. C. M. JERVIS.

The same subject.

- 1 GREAT Source of all that we enjoy,
From whom our comforts flow !
To thee, who dost our souls reclaim,
Eternal thanks we owe.
- 2 Though the vast debt we ne'er can pay
Of gratitude and love ;
Yet grant us, LORD ! thine aid divine,
Thy goodness to improve.
- 3 Be this, on earth, our chief delight,
Our feeble songs to join ;
In heav'n we 'll celebrate thy praise
In anthems more divine.

359. L. M. WATTS.

Love to GOD and man.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command :
Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thy affections and esteem ;
And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.
- 3 Alas ! how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !

LORD ! warm our souls with heav'nly fire,
And mould our spirits to thy will.

360. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

Charity essential to the christian character.

- 1 THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
The sweet persuasive tongue ;
Though I could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung :
- 2 Tho' prophecy my soul inspir'd,
And made all myst'ries plain ;
Yet, were I void of christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Altho' with lib'ral hands I gave
My goods the poor to feed,
Or gave my body to the flames ;
Still, fruitless were the deed.
- 4 Nay, tho' my faith, with boundless pow'r,
Ev'n mountains could remove ;
I still am nothing, if I'm void
Of charity and love.

361. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The law of love.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, GOD of grace !
Th' unfeeling heart remove ;
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know,

Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 O be the law of love fulfill'd,
In ev'ry act and thought ;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

5 Be thou, my heart ! dilated wide
With this kind social grace ;
And, in one grasp of fervent love,
All earth and heav'n embrace.

362. C. M. DRENNAN.

The same subject.

1 ALL nature feels attractive pow'r,
A strong embracing force ;
The drops that sparkle in the show'r,
The planets in their course.

2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love ;
The charity, both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

3 In this fine sympathetic chain,
All creatures bear a part ;
Their ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry pain
Link'd to the feeling heart.

- 4 More perfect bond ! the christian plan
Attaches soul to soul ;
Our neighbour is the suff'ring man,
Though at the farthest pole.
- 5 To earth below, from heav'n above,
The faith, in Christ profess'd,
More clear reveals that GOD is love,
And whom he loves is bless'd.

363. L. M. BROWNE.

Love to all mankind.

- 1 O GOD, my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring !
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from ev'ry act abstain,
That gives another grief or pain ;
Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend of all mankind.
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow,
When I behold a brother's woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 4 And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state
A mutual joy in me create ;
His virtuous triumph let me join ;
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 5 Yea, tho' my neighbour's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love :

Slow to resent, tho' he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.

- 6 Let love thro' all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Let me thy humble follower prove,
Father of men, great God of love !

364. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Charity.

- 1 O YE, who seek JEHOVAH's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace;
Who ask in pray'r, and own in praise,
That bounteous love which gilds your days;
Catch from above the hallow'd flame,
And dignify the christian name.
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there;
With cheering wine, and fragrant oil,
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile:
Tho' woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God has stamp'd his image there.
- 3 When he, the sov'reign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds th' unerring beam on high;
Then shall sweet charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale:
Jesus shall call his followers home,
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!"
Hallelujah, amen !

365. C. M. HAMPSON.

The same subject.

- 1 DAUGHTERS of pity, tune the lay ;
To mourners joy belongs ;
While he that wipes all tears away,
Accepts our thankful songs.
- 2 No altars smoke, no off'rings bleed,
No guiltless lives expire ;
To help a brother in his need,
Is all our rites require.
- 3 Our off'ring is a willing mind
To comfort the distrest ;
In others' good our own to find,
In others' blessings blest.
- 4 Go to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys,
Bid health to plant a rose.
- 5 Go where the friendless stranger lies ;
To perish is his doom :
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.
- 6 Thus, what our heav'nly Father gave,
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who liv'd to save,
And died that we might live.

366. P. M. BLACKLOCK.

Benevolence.

- 1 HALL, Source of pleasures ever new !
While thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere ;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.
- 2 By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.
- 3 O God ! with sympathetic care,
In others' joys and griefs to share,
Do thou my heart incline ;
Each low, each selfish wish control,
Warm with benevolence my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

367. C. M. DRENNAN.

The luxury of doing good.

- 1 O SWEETER than the fragrant flow'r,
At ev'ning's dewy close,
The will, united with the pow'r,
To succour human woes !
- 2 And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,

That placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

368. C. M. WATTS.

Justice and equity.

- 1 COME, let us search our ways and try :
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim ?
- 3 Have we ne'er envy'd others' good,
Ne'er envy'd others' praise ?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor us'd detraction's ways ?
- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's woe ?
The scorn which wrings the suff'rer's
breast,
Have we abhorr'd to show ?
- 5 Then may we raise our modest pray'r
To God, the just and kind ;
May humbly cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.
- 6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity condemn ;

Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

369. C. M. WALKER.

The virtuous love of country.

- 1 PARENT of all, Omnipotent
In heav'n, and earth below !
Thro' all creation's vast extent,
Whose streams of goodness flow :
- 2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd ;
Nor private aims may I propose,
Since link'd with human kind.
- 3 But chief to hear my country's voice,
May my best thoughts incline ;
'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice,
'Tis nature's call, and thine.
- 4 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
May nothing e'er divide ;
Nor grandeur, gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false, misguide.
- 5 To duty, honour, virtue true,
In all my country's weal,
Let me my public walk pursue :
So, God, thy favour deal !

370. L. M. WATTS.

Christian zeal tempered by charity.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye,
Sees ev'ry passion in my soul !
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And O ! let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.
- 3 Let peace with piety unite
To mend the bias of my will ;
While hope and heav'n-ey'd faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, my zeal :—
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

371. L. M. SCOTT.

Against persecution and intolerance.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n ;

O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to GOD alone.

- 3 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve :
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing mind along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

372. L. M. SCOTT.

Candour.

- 1 ALL-SEEING GOD ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great LORD of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

373. S. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.

Christian unity.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among his friends on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And ev'ry heart is love.

374. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Compassionate intercession for the thoughtless and inconsiderate.

- 1 INDULGENT God ! with pitying eye
The sons of men survey :
Alas ! how thoughtless mortals sport
In sin's destructive way !
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb :

Each passing hour may place them where
Repentance cannot come.

- 3 Reclaim, O LORD! their wand'ring minds,
Amus'd by airy dreams;
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
Their dang'rous state to see;
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heav'n and thee.

375. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Christian virtues.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part;
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast;
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heav'n bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

- 5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 6 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the Sov'reign Good
Can claim his highest love.

376. L. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

Personal virtues.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! rouse ev'ry pow'r,
Thy native dignity display:
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes;
Fix them on those divine delights,
Which angels taste above the skies.
- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize;
Each fleeting hour of life improve:
This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the world above.

377. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The excellency of the righteous.

- 1 HOW glorious, LORD ! art thou !
How bright thy splendours shine !
Whose rays, reflected, gild thy saints
With ornaments divine.
- 2 With lowliness and love,
Wisdom and courage meet ;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
How amiable, how sweet !
- 3 In beauties such as these,
Thy children now are drest ;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In regions of the blest.
- 4 O GOD of Isr'el ! hear,
And make this bliss our own ;
Make us the children of thy care,
The members of thy Son.

378. C. M. WATTS.

Prudence and benevolence.

- 1 O ! 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin,
In little angry souls ;
Mark ! how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek ;
No furious passions rise ;
Nor malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love :
Good works employ their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

379. L. M. SCOTT.

Meekness.

- 1 MARK ! when tempestuous winds arise,
The wild confusion and uproar ;
All ocean mixing with the skies,
And wrecks are dash'd upon the shore !
- 2 Not less confusion racks the mind
By its own fierce ideas tost ;
Calm reason is to rage resign'd,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
- 3 O ! self-tormenting child of pride,
Anger, bred up in hate and strife ;
Ten thousand ills by thee supply'd
Mingle the cup of bitter life.
- 4 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's ev'ning ray,

Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

- 5 No friendships broke their bosoms sting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade ;
Secure, beneath th' Almighty wing,
And, foes to none, of none afraid.
- 6 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild !
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

380. L. M. WATTS.

Self-government.

- 1 O THOU, whose scales the mountains
weigh !
Whose will the raging seas obey !
Thou who canst boist'rous winds control !
Subdue the tumults of my soul.
- 2 May I with equal mind sustain
My lot of pleasure and of pain ;
May joys and sorrows gently flow,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.
- 3 Do thou my passions, LORD ! restrain,
And in my soul, unrivall'd, reign ;
Then, with whatever loads oppress'd,
Center'd in thee, my soul shall rest.
- 4 O when shall my still-wav'ring mind
This sweetest self-possession find !
Fountain of joy ! I long to see
In thee my peace—my heav'n in thee !

381. L. M. DR ENFIELD.

Humility.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child
of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way :
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

382. L. M.

Humility and retirement.

- 1 HOW vain is grandeur's purple pride !
And guards, and roofs of gold, how vain !
Through circling guards may sorrow glide,
And gilded roofs are claim'd by pain.

- 2 Give me, great God ! unknown to dwell,
Remote from pomp, and care, and strife ;
Secure from passions that rebel,
And shelter'd from the storms of life.

383. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communing with our hearts.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retir'd and silent seek them there ;
'True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
'True strength to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God ! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;
'Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
'That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

384. S. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Worldly anxiety reproved.

- 1 WHY should I thus perplex
My life with fruitless care,
With fears and hopes which idly vex,
And oft the heart ensnare ?
- 2 Can anxious thoughts increase
My years' appointed sum ?
Why waste I then my health and peace,
To hoard for days to come ?
- 3 To him, these low desires,
This sordid gain I leave,
Who to no higher good aspires,
Than what this world can give.
- 4 Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay :
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

385. P. M. COTTON.

Contentment.

- 1 IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam ;
The world has little to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow ;
Our bliss begins at home.
- 2 We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;

And if our store of wealth be small,
With thankful hearts improve it all,
Nor waste the present hour.

- 3 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
This is the wise, the virtuous part:
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
- 4 Thus thro' life's changing scenes we 'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:
- 5 While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

386. L. M. WATTS.

A conversation becoming the gospel.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;

When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deni'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our LORD;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

387. L. M. JERVIS.

Integrity, fortitude, and hope.

- 1 THE man, whose firm and equal mind
To solid glory is inclin'd,
Determin'd will his path pursue,
And keep the godlike prize in view.
- 2 His calm, undaunted, manly breast,
Of virtue, honour, truth possess;
Will stem the torrent of the age,
And fearless tread this mortal stage.
- 3 Amidst th' assailing ills of life,
Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife;
He 'll act his part without disguise,
Intrepid, gen'rous, just, and wise.
- 4 In conscious rectitude secure,
This man, unshaken, shall endure
Of human woes the num'rous train:
Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain.

- 5 And when, at last, th' eternal Pow'r
Shall fix th' irrevocable hour;
That solemn hour which none can fly,
Since 'tis decreed that all must die:
- 6 Conscious of sovereign mercy near,
Its voice shall banish ev'ry fear;
While faith and hope in joys to come,
Waft him to realms beyond the tomb.

388. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Exemplary virtue.

- 1 AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the LORD;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;

Great God ! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

389. L. M. WATTS.

Christian fortitude.

- 1 COURAGE, my soul ! while God is near,
What enemy hast thou to fear ?
How canst thou want a sure defence,
Whose refuge is omnipotence ?
- 2 Tho' thickest dangers crowd my way,
My God can chase my fears away :
My steadfast heart on him relies,
And all those dangers still defies.
- 3 Though billows after billows roll,
To overwhelm my sinking soul ;
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
Upheld by God's almighty hand.
- 4 In life his presence is my aid ;
In death 'twill guide me thro' the shade ;
Chase all my rising fears away,
And turn my darkness into day.

390. L. M. JERVIS.

Fidelity in the cause of truth and virtue.

- 1 SHALL I forsake that heav'nly Friend,
On whom my noblest hopes depend ?
Forbid it, that my wand'ring heart
From God and virtue should depart !

- 2 First let the wheels of life stand still,
E'er I forget my Father's will ;
Or dare submit to guilty shame,
And bring dishonour on his name.
- 3 Faithful to him and to his laws,
With zeal I would maintain his cause,
The cause of truth and righteousness,
'Midst trial, suff'ring, and distress.
- 4 If e'er I 'm call'd t' encounter death
For him, may I resign my breath ;
And reap, at last, the bright reward
Which waits the servants of the LORD.

391. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's solicitude to finish his course with joy.

- 1 ASSIST us, LORD ! thy name to praise,
For this rich gospel of thy grace ;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view ;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.
- 3 Should bonds or death obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we 'll survey ;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight ;

Welcome that death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ our better life.

392. L. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The christian warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.
- 5 Come then, my soul ! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell :
The man of Calv'ry triumph'd here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

393. C. M. MRS BARBAULD.

The pilgrimage of life.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promis'd soil :
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears ;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin, our fears.
- 3 The flow'rs that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.
- 4 We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away,
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

394. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The high-way to Zion.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the LORD,
Your great deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest trav'ller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till on the sacred mount you see,
The glory of your God.
- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 Jesus your leader 's gone before,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

395. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Singing in the ways of God.

- 1 NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song;
Ye pilgrims, in JEHOVAH'S ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flow'rs of paradise,
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect rise!
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle thro' the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
Who drew the shining trace!
To him who leads the wand'ers on,
And cheers them with his grace.
- 6 Reduce the nations, LORD!
Teach all their kings thy ways;
That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
And heav'n resound the praise.

396. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Peace proclaimed, and the fruit of the lips
created.*

- 1 HARK! for the great Creator speaks—
In silence let the earth attend—
And when his words of grace are heard,
In grateful adoration bend.
- 2 “’Tis I create the fruit of praise,
And give the broken heart to sing;
Peace, heav’nly peace, my lips proclaim,
Pleas’d with the happy news they bring.”
- 3 Receive the tidings with delight
Ye Gentile nations from afar;
And you, the children of his love,
Whom grace hath brought already near.
- 4 To these, to those, his sov’reign hand,
Its healing energy imparts;
Peace, peace be chanted from your tongues,
And echo’d from consenting hearts.
- 5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought;
Nor let the daily tribute cease,
Till chang’d for more exalted songs,
In regions of eternal peace.

397. L. M. WATTS.

Walking by faith and not by sight.

- 1 ’TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk thro’ deserts dark as night;

- Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the heav'nly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

398. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

The power of faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares ;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all our cares :
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give ;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign,
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

399. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Faith.

- 1 AH! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?
- 2 Faith, rising upward, points her view
To regions in the skies;
There, lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
In bright perspective rise.
- 3 O! if this heav'n-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more?
- 4 If in my heart true faith appears,
Yet weak the sacred ray;
Feebly aspiring, press'd with fears,
Almost it dies away.
- 5 O Thou, from whose almighty breath
It first began to rise!
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Let this weak erring mind no more
On earth bewilder'd rove;

But with celestial ardour soar
To endless joys above.

400. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The Christian's prospect.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies!
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.
- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
And throws her silken chain;
And wealth and fame invite his arms,
And tempt his ear in vain.
- 3 He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees, on time's extended wings,
How swift they flee away!
- 4 Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
When pains and cares invade;
With cheerful wing his faith ascends
Above the gloomy shade.
- 5 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 6 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come:
Those blissful scenes on high
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

401. L. M. WATTS.

The christian race.

- 1 AWAKE our souls ! away our fears !
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who strength imparts to ev'ry saint :
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
- We 'll mount aloft to thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

402. C. M. B. B.

The same subject.

ON wings of love the christian flies,
And upward speeds his way ;
The empty world neglected lies,
Nor can it tempt his stay.

Though rav'nous beasts of prey surround,
Yet onward still he goes ;
And resolute maintains his ground,
When multitudes oppose.

- 3 Amidst ten thousand lurking snares,
 He treads the heav'nly road ;
Drops, as he goes, his pains and cares,
 And makes his way to God.
- 4 From realms of bliss he shall review
 The labours of the way ;
No sad event his grief renew,
 Nor shall his joys decay.

403. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The same subject.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye :
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarch's gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

404. P. M. WESLEY.

The cross and crown.

- 1 BEYOND the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saint's secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 2 Though suff'ring with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

PART XIII.

Afflictions and Changes of Life.

405. C. M. WALKER'S COLLECTION.

Praise to God through all the changes of life.

1 FATHER of mercies ! God of love !

My Father, and my God !

I 'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,

Thy various love surveys ;

Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise ?

3 In ev'ry period of my life,

Thy thoughts of love appear :

Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

4 In all these mercies may my soul

A father's bounty see ;

Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,

To own thy hand, O God !

And in submissive silence, hear
The lessons of thy rod.

- 6 Thro' ev'ry changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene ;
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Free from all anxious fear ;
For death itself is life, my God !
If thou art with me there.

406. P. M. MRS BARBAULD.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy !
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice ;
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
- 5 These to thee, our God ! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow !

And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit :

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store :
Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall :

8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
Vernal show'rs and latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy :

9 Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise :
And, when ev'ry blessing 's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone !

407. C. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Praise to God in life and death.

1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ :
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And sooth my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active pow'rs,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall my pow'rs in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay :
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

408. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise to God through the whole of our existence.

- 1 GOD of my life ! through all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that blest morn is come,
Which breaks the slumbers of the tomb,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heav'nly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 "Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;"
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

409. C. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Trust in God through all the changes of life.

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vig'rous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;

Oppress'd with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

- 4 To thee we look, thou Pow'r Supreme,
O still our wants supply !
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

410. C. M. DARWIN.

Trust in God in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 THE LORD ! how tender is his love !
His justice, how august !
Hence all her fears my soul derives,
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath in-
cens'd,
Are dust beneath his tread :
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 Thy vengeance rides the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame :

Thy goodness breathes in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.

- 6 For me, O LORD! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring;
Do all my with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring;
- 7 O! grant that still with grateful heart
My years resign'd may run;
'Tis thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done.

411. C. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

Hope in affliction.

- 1 LORD! in this wretched vale of tears,
What various woes we feel!
Diseases, pains, and doubts, and fears,
Surround thy children still.
- 2 Darkness and dangers fill the road,
And storms and tempests roar;
But we march onward to our God,
And trust his guardian pow'r.
- 3 What though no lasting comfort 's found
Through this long wilderness?
When we arrive on heav'nly ground,
Pleasures shall never cease.
- 4 LORD! give us patience in the way,
And let our faith be strong;
Direct our footsteps lest we stray,
And guard our souls along.

- 5 Death shall convey thy children home ;
Thither our hearts aspire ;
There no disease shall ever come,
But joy shall be entire.

412. C. M. WATTS.

Hope in God.

- 1 THE LORD can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 2 The seed, though buried long in dust,
Shall not deceive our hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
Since God insures the crop.
- 3 The seeds of joy and glory, sown
For those in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

413. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The divine mercy moderating affliction.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own thy pow'r divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will ;

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And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face;
And mingles, with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Let me those gentle whispers hear
Till all the tumult cease;
Sleep in thine arms, and wake in realms
Of everlasting peace.

414. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine mercy in affliction.

1 IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God!
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Assuage thy children's pains!

2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
A father's bowels move;
One transient moment bounds my wrath,
But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,
And view thy smiling face;
And hope, amidst our sighs, shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.

415. C. M. DRENNAN.

The use of affliction.

1 WHY does the will of heav'n ordain
A world so mix'd with woe?

Why pour down want, disease and pain,
On wretched men below?

- 2 It was, by sympathetic ties,
The human race to bind;
To warm the heart, to fill the eyes
With pity for our kind:—
- 3 Pity, that, like the heav'nly bow,
On darkest clouds doth shine;
And makes, with her celestial glow,
The human face divine.
- 4 Where mercy takes her custom'd stand,
To bid her flock rejoice;
'Tis there with grace extends the hand,
There music tunes the voice.
- 5 And he who speaks in mercy's name,
No fiction needs nor art;
The still small voice of nature's claim
Re-echoes thro' each heart.
- 6 Where pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen, is found;
Descends upon the hallow'd head,
And sheds a glory round.
- 7 But charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove;
Nor will the pray'r of faith avail,
Without the works of love.

416. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Patience.

- 1 PATIENCE, O 'tis a grace divine !
Sent from the God of pow'r and love,
That leans upon its father's arm,
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state ;
And wait, contented, our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 O ! for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
Till, life's tumultuous voyage o'er,
We reach the shores of endless rest.

417. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Submission to God under affliction.

- 1 PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart !
Yc busy cares, be still !
Adore the just, the sov'reign LORD,
Nor murmur at his will.
- 2 Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.
- 3 To soften ev'ry painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends,
And, unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

- 4 Let me reflect, with humble awe,
 Whene'er my heart complains,
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
 How light and few my pains !
- 5 Yes, LORD ! I own thy sov'reign hand,
 Thou just, and wise, and kind !
Be ev'ry anxious thought supprest,
 And all my soul resign'd.

418. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Trust in GOD under afflictions.

- 1 WHY is my heart with grief oppress ?
Can all the pains I feel or fear,
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,
Forget that GOD, thy GOD, is near ?
- 2 Mortality's unnumber'd ills
Are all beneath his sov'reign hand :
Each pain which this frail body feels,
Attends, obedient, his command.
- 3 LORD ! form my temper to thy will :
If thou my faith and patience prove,
May ev'ry painful stroke fulfil
Thy purposes of faithful love !
- 4 O may this weak, this fainting mind,
A father's hand, adoring, see ;
Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,
And trust thy word, and cleave to thee !

419. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Filial submission.

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, "My Father, GOD!"
LORD! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise:
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darkest gloom,
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

420. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The same subject.

- 1 HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising GOD!
And O! how rich the blessings are,
That blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart;
That ev'ry stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

- 4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts,
To honour his commands.
- 5 Submissive, LORD ! we yield
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pains that make us still
More uniformly thine.

421. C. M. WATTS.

Submission to afflictive providences.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;

Nor will we call unjust, the hand
That strikes our comforts dead.

422. C. M. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

True resignation.

- 1 WITH God my friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray :
Each object smiles, all nature charms ;
I sing my cares away.
- 2 I cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind :
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.
- 3 Good, when he gives, supremely good ;
Nor less when he denies :
Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

423. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 WEARY of these low scenes of night,
My fainting heart grows sick of time,
Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight ;
Sighs for a distant, happier clime !
- 2 'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,
Who form'd this animated clod ;
That needful cares, instructive pains,
May bring the restless heart to God.

- 3 In him, my soul! behold thy rest;
Nor hope for bliss below the sky;
Come, resignation, to my breast,
And silence ev'ry plaintive sigh.
- 4 Then, cheerful shall my heart survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And patient keep the heav'nly way,
Which leads me homeward to my God.

424. P. M. MRS STEELE.

*Complete happiness not designed for man on
earth.*

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
Bids you with a grateful mind
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
Softly whispers to your mind,
Make not these alone your choice;
Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy;
But a changing world like this,
Where a thousand fears annoy,
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits ev'ry anxious sigh.

- 5 What, like this, has earth to give?
O ye righteous! in your breast
Let the admonition live,
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 6 When your bosom heaves a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

425. L. M. MRS STEELE.

True and lasting happiness.

- 1 IN vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind:
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found,
Where seasons roll their hasty round?
And days and hours with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise my thoughts! my heart arise!
Leave this vain world, and seek the skies;
There joys for evermore shall last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Thy mercy, LORD! to me impart:
O raise my thoughtless, wand'ring heart
To pleasures perfect and sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ:

No more, ye restless passions! roam:
God is my bliss, and heav'n my home.

426. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Creatures vain, and God the salvation of his
people.*

- 1 HOW long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flatt'ring hopes employ?
And mock our fond, deluded eyes,
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why, from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought?
While our Eternal Rock 's disown'd,
And Isr'el's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view;
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God!
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

427. L. M. WATTS.

The vanity of earthly desires.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

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- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
O cure the fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

428. C. M. WATTS.

Earthly pleasures dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
'Tis hard to call them thence.
- 4 Be faith, and hope, and love divine,
My soul's eternal food ;

And wean my fond, my anxious heart,
From all created good.

429. C. M. WATTS.

The temptations of the world.

- 1 WHEN in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 Honour 's a puff of empty breath;
Yet men pour out their blood,
And venture everlasting loss,
To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust;
They sacrifice eternal bliss
To mean and sordid lust.
- 4 GOD is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

430. C. M. MRS STEELE.

True pleasure.

- 1 HOW vain a thought is bliss below!
'Tis all an airy dream:
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!
- 2 Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows:

While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene,
How fair the landscape shows !

3 But soon its transient charms decay,
When ruffling tempests blow ;
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.

4 O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heav'n substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight !

5 There, pleasure flows for ever clear ;
And, rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
As fancy never drew.

6 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

431. C. M. NEWTON.

The instability of worldly enjoyments.

1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent, or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The grounds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die ;
LORD ! wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

432. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the happiness and support of his people.

- 1 MY God ! whose all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above ;
Witness if here, or there, thou seest
An object of mine equal love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heav'n to view.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight ; it presseth on
And seeks its rest in God alone.
- 4 Fix'd near th' immortal Source of bliss,
Dauntless, and joyous, it surveys

Each form of horror and distress,
That all its deadliest foes can raise.

- 5 This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
This heart renew its pulse no more ;
Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,
When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 6 But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread !
With thy own hand thy pow'r destroy ;
'Tis thine to bear me to my God,
My portion, my eternal joy.

433. C. M. BRISTOL COLLECTION.

Happiness in God alone.

- 1 THE great Creator, wise and good,
Who forms th' unerring plan,
Implants a strong desire of bliss
Within his creature, man.
- 2 But still these grov'ling minds of ours
Forget their noble birth ;
And, with incessant labour, toil
For happiness on earth.
- 3 Pleasure's delusive form we trace,
Or dig for shining ore ;
At honour's gaudy shrine we bow,
Or grasp at boundless pow'r.
- 4 Ah ! cease, my soul, these wild pursuits,
And upwards turn thine eyes ;
See where thy gracious Maker's hand
Holds forth the glorious prize.

- 5 This precious gem is found alone
In his paternal love ;
Be this the centre of my hopes,
Nor hence my passions rove.

434. C. M. WATTS.

*The hope of heaven our support under trials
on earth.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my peace engage,
And all its darts be hurl'd ;
Then could I smile to see its rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Though cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all :
- 4 In those bright realms, thou, O my soul !
Shalt find eternal rest ;
Nor shall a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

435. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Present sufferings and future glory.

- 1 HOW rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various, how divine !

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Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they shine.

2 God to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, thro' suff'rings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

436. L. M. MRS STEELE.

God the life and light of the soul.

1 MY God! my hope! if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine?
On thee alone I cast my care;
O leave me not in dark despair.

2 Though ev'ry comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

3 My God! my life! if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

4 Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God! my light!
Thy love shall all my fears control,
And glory dawn around my soul.

437. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 MY God! to thee my soul aspires;
Dispel the shades of night;
Enlarge and fill my vast desires
With infinite delight.
- 2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

438. L. M. MRS STEELE.

God our portion in the loss of earthly comforts.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain:
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famish'd master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply:

- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, the LORD is mine !
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, tho' life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
My nobler life he will sustain ;
His word immortal vigour gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, LORD ! can cheer my heart,
Though ev'ry earthly comfort die ;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joys divine !
The barren desert shall rejoice ;
'Tis paradise if thou art mine.

439. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The weeping seed-time and joyful harvest.

- 1 THE darken'd sky—how thick it low'rs !
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him, live ;
And, from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,
Are in these water'd furrows sown,

See the green blades ! how quick they rise !
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bring them home ;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

PART XIV.

Life, Death, Judgment, and a Future State.

440. C. M. WATTS.

The shortness of life and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!

Our days, how swift they are!

Swift as an Indian arrow flies,

Or like a shooting star.

2 Successive moments just appear,

Then slide away in haste;

Nor can we ever say—"they 're here,"

But only—"they are past."

3 Our life is ever on the wing,

And death is ever nigh;

To live, no sooner we begin,

Than we begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days

Thy constant favours share;

Thy bounties, in ten thousand ways,

Still crown the rolling year.

5 His goodness runs an endless round;

All glory to the Lord!

His mercy never knows a bound,

And be his name ador'd.

- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when in dust we lie,
Let age to age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature die.

441. C. M. WATTS.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

- 1 OUR God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“ Return, ye sons of men : ”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 4 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their hopes and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 5 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light :
The flow'rs, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.
- 6 Our God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !

Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

442. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Mutability of the creation and immutability
of God.*

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame !
We reverence thine awful name ;
And bow, and tremble, while we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, LORD ! with unsurpris'd survey
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,

While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

443. C. M. WATTS.

Life, old age, and preparation for death.

- 1 LIFE, like a vain amusement, flies ;
A fable or a song :
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 2 Time, like an ever flowing stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 3 There are but few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And oft, beyond that short account,
'Tis sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 4 Teach us, O God ! the heav'nly art,
'T' improve the hours we have ;
That we may choose the better part,
And live beyond the grave.

444. C. M. WATTS.

The vanity of human life.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;
A fleeting hour of time :
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore :
They toil for heirs, they not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I resign my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

445. C. M. H. M.

The same subject.

- 1 OUR life is but an idle play,
Various as winds that blow ;
We laugh and sport our hours away,
Nor heed approaching woe.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade !
Frail glory of an hour ;

- And blooming youth, with sick'ning head,
 Droop like the dying flow'r.
- 3 Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
 Diffuse a flatt'ring light ;
 But gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
 And soon they sink in night.
- 4 Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
 With an admiring eye,
 Like summer insects, dress'd in gold,
 That flutter, shine, and die.
- 5 Then rise, my soul, and soar away,
 Above the thoughtless crowd ;
 Above the pleasures of the gay,
 And splendours of the proud ;
- 6 Up where eternal beauties bloom,
 And pleasures all divine ;
 Where wealth, that never can consume,
 And endless glories shine.

446. C. M. WATTS.

The precarious tenure of life.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal name !
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Yet while a world of joy or woe
Depends on ev'ry breath,
Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.
- 6 Waken, O LORD ! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
That we may find, when summon'd hence,
The grave the path to God.

447. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's compassion to human frailty.

- 1 LORD ! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then, know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, LORD ! whate'er is felt or fear'd,
This thought is our repose,

That he, by whom our frame was rear'd,
Its various frailties knows.

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry weakness cease.

448. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Warnings of mortality.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours
hence,
And none resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense;
And shall they fail to strike my heart?

3 Think, O my soul! how much depends
On the short period of to-day:
Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away?

4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use;
Awake! rouse ev'ry active pow'r!

And not in dreams and trifles lose
This little, this important hour !

- 5 LORD of my life ! inspire my heart
With heav'nly ardour, grace divine ;
Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill,
Each awful warning to improve !
And, while my days are short'ning still,
Prepare me for the joys above !

449. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on the state of our fathers.

- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour—gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 GOD of our fathers ! hear ;
Thou everlasting Friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

- 5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

450. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Our lives in the hand of God.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of life! before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die!
One glance from thee at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night;
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet;
Accents, familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.

451. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The great journey.

- 1 BEHOLD the path which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;
Feeble as theirs, thy mortal frame,
The same thy way, thy home the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Must I to God's tribunal pass ?
- 4 Awake, my soul ! thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care ;
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which, thro' the grave, conducts to God.
- 5 Father ! to thee my all I trust ;
And if my flesh return to dust,
'Tis thy decree, I bless thy hand,
And die resign'd at thy command.

452. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

The peace of the grave.

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
There passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode ;

No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There, servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

5 All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment call them forth,
To meet their righteous doom.

453. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant time his being draw ;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thy unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home ;
That country whence there 's no return.

4 Yet, while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show ;
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

- 5 Great Source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

454. L. M.

The lapse of time improved.

- 1 SWIFT glide the hours of life away ;
So shall our vital pow'rs decay :—
Momentous moral to mankind !
Deep be it fix'd in ev'ry mind !
- 2 Time and its joys will soon be past ;
But virtue, freedom, truth shall last :
Let these inspire the glowing breast ;
For these alone can make man bless'd.
- 3 The lessons of the good and wise
Let not vain mortals dare despise :
And while we view time's silent stream,
O may it be our steadfast aim—
- 4 From passion free, and free from strife,
'Midst the tumultuous ills of life,
Still calm, unruffled, and serene,
To fill our part in this great scene :
- 5 And, while life's sands are running out,
Prepar'd, without or fear or doubt,
T' obey the mandate from on high,
The awful summons—THOU MUST DIE !

455. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

A timely improvement of life.

- 1 THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Spreads o'er the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace ;
Improve the hours of light ;
And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow,
Your feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the LORD,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break,
Thro' horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In a celestial home.

456. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The near approach of salvation a motive to diligence.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! awake, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake, and praise your Maker's love,
Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature ! speed your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs ! decay :
Sure as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

457. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The watchful christian.

- 1 YE servants of the LORD !
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :

- Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your LORD's command ;
And while we speak, he 's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his LORD with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

458. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian watchfulness.

- 1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul ! awake,
And view the threat'ning scene :
Legions of foes encamp' around,
And treach'ry lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail ;
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail ?
- 3 Now to the work of God awake—
Behold thy master near—
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigour, and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on,
Th' account will surely come ;
And op'ning day, or closing night
May bear me to my doom.

- 5 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

459. L. M. S. WESLEY.

*The frailty of life, and the unchangeableness
of truth.*

- 1 THE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride and beauty shows ;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre, brighter far, shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
 If heav'n must recompense our pains ;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
 If firm the word of God remains.

460. P. M. WATTS.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! how frail is man !
 How few his hours, how short his span !
 Short, from the cradle to the grave ;
 Who can secure his vital breath,
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?
- 2 But shall it therefore, LORD ! be said,
 The race of man was only made
 For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ?
 Or if thy servants, day by day,
 Sink to their graves, and turn to clay,
 Thou hast no kindness for the just ?
- 3 Hast thou not given to thy Son
 An endless life, a heav'nly crown ?
 Why then should flesh and sense despair ?
 For ever blessed be the LORD,
 That we can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the LORD !
 Who gives his servants a reward
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain.
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love ;
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

461. L. M. MERRICK.

Death and the resurrection.

- 1 YE nations, hear ! ye sons of earth,
Of highest or obscurest birth !
Ye who from wealth's full board are fed,
And ye who eat with toil your bread !
- 2 Cease, mortals, cease your pride, nor dream
That riches shall from death redeem :
In vain would friendship's zeal essay
The full equivalent to pay.
- 3 For man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.
- 4 Together now behold them laid,
As sheep, when night extends her shade ;
While death within the vaulted rock,
Stern shepherd, guards the slumb'ring
flock.
- 5 Ye just, exulting, lift your eyes ;
Behold the promis'd morn arise,
That bids you o'er each haughty foe
Exalted, endless triumphs know.
- 6 My soul, amidst your happy train,
The wish'd redemption shall obtain ;
By God adopted, death shall brave,
And mock the disappointed grave.

462. L. M. MERRICK.

Hope of a resurrection.

- 1 FATHER of all ! my soul defend,
On thee my steadfast hopes depend ;
Thee let me bless, the faithful guide,
Whose counsels o'er my life preside.
- 2 Though to the grave I must descend,
(For thus has heav'n's high will ordain'd)
Yet hope e'en there, my constant guest,
Shall smooth the pillow of my rest.
- 3 Though death awhile reign o'er my frame,
Thou from the grave my life wilt claim ;
And to my eyes, in full survey,
The op'ning paths of life display.
- 4 Those paths that to thy presence bear ;
For plenitude of bliss is there ;
And pleasure's streams, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

463. L. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 MY faith and hope in God are strong,
If with his gracious presence blest :
Be glad, my heart ! rejoice, my tongue !
My dying flesh in hope shall rest.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God ! thou wilt not leave

My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

464. C. M. EDINBURGH COLLECTION.

The vegetable creation an emblem of the resurrection of man.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield ;
- 2 Resign the honours of their form
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked, leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
- 4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest ;

Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!

- 6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I 'll wait heav'n's high decree;
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

465. C. M. WATTS.

Triumph over death.

- 1 GREAT God! I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
Since God, my Father, ever lives,
And my Redeemer comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

466. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Victory over death through Christ.

- 1 WHEN death appears before my sight
In all his dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms?

Dark horror sits upon his brow,
And vict'ry waits his arms.

3 But see, my glorious leader nigh!
Jesus my saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

4 O GOD! be thou my sure defence,
My guard for ever near;
And faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.

5 O may I meet the dreadful hour,
With fortitude divine!
Sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,
The conquest must be mine.

467. L. M. WATTS.

A happy resurrection.

1 NO, I 'll repine at death no more,
But, calm and cheerful, will resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust:
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning! through the skies,
And usher in that glorious day:
Come quickly, LORD! cut short the hours!
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

- 4 O! haste upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the glories of the day.

468. L. M. MERRICK.

God the supreme judge.

- 1 O TELL to all whom earth sustains,
O tell them that JEHOVAH reigns;
That all who issue from its womb,
Shall hear from him th' unerring doom.
- 2 Exult, ye heav'ns! exult, O earth!
And, partner in the sacred mirth,
Let ocean in its fulness rise,
And thunder to the distant skies.
- 3 Rich in his gifts, ye fields, rejoice;
While in his praise the woods their voice
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The presence of th' approaching God.
- 4 He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the world he made:
'Truth shall with him the cause decide,
And equity his sentence guide.

469. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Death and judgment.

- 1 HEAV'N has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die:

One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark, how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the judge to see;
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I, in the judge, behold
My Saviour and my friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

470. L. M. MERRICK.

The just judgment of God.

1 THE LORD, th' Almighty Monarch, spake,
And bade the earth the summons take;
Far as his eye the realms survey
Of rising and declining day.

2 Reveal'd from Zion's sacred bound,
The seat with matchless beauty crown'd,
Our God his course shall downward bend,
Nor silent to his work descend.

- 3 Heav'n from above shall hear his call,
And thou, the vast terrestrial ball!
While man's whole race their judge shall
meet,
In countless throngs, before his seat.
- 4 Th' applauding heav'ns the changeless
doom,
While God the balance shall assume,
In full memorial shall record;
And own the justice of their Lord.

471. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 THE God of glory sends his summons
forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the
north:
From east to west his sov'reign orders
spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the
dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n
rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
voices.
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay,
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the
day!
Behold the Judge descends! his guards are
nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall adore
him:

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before
him.

3 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
works amend,

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
friend:

Then join the saints, wake ev'ry cheerful
passion;

When Christ returns, he comes for your
salvation.

472. L. M. WATTS.

Hypocrisy detected and exposed.

1 THE LORD, the Judge, his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith and love their care.

2 They dare rehearse his awful name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

- 4 And, while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the evil hour.
- 5 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
Anguish their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

473. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

The transitory nature of the world.

- 1 SPRING up, my soul, with ardent flight;
Nor let this earth delude thy sight
With glitt'ring trifles, gay and vain:
Wisdom divine directs thy view
To objects ever grand and new,
And faith displays the shining train.
- 2 Be dead, my hopes, to all below;
Nor let unbounded torrents flow,
When mourning o'er my wither'd joys:
So this deceitful world is known;
Possess'd, I call it not mine own,
Nor glory in its painted toys.
- 3 The empty pageant rolls along;
The giddy, inexperience'd throng
Pursue it with enchanted eyes:
It passeth in swift march away;
Still more and more its charms decay,
Till the last gaudy colour dies.

- 4 My God ! to thee my soul shall turn ;
 For thee my noblest passions burn,
 And drink in bliss from thee alone :
 I fix on that unchanging home,
 Where never-fading pleasures bloom,
 Fresh-springing round thy radiant throne.

474. C. M. WATTS.

The end of the world.

- 1 WHY should this earth delight us so ?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die ;
 The sun must end his race ;
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Maker's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
 When the last trumpet's sound
 Shall call the nations to the skies,
 From underneath the ground ?

475. L. M. WATTS.

The hope of the christian.

- 1 WHAT sinners value, I resign :
 LORD ! 'tis enough that thou art mine :

- I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there!
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

476. L. M. BROWNE.

Seeking the things above.

- 1 TO heav'n, my longing soul! aspire,
And soar aloft with strong desire;
Here choose thy lot, here fix thy rest,
And aim for ever to be blest.
- 2 Still keep yon blissful world in view,
And close the glorious chase pursue;
The way leads up to rest above,
Through paths of purity and love.
- 3 This track pursue with ardent zeal;
Each lust subdue, each foe repel;
Still stretch thy wings, and upward rise;
Eternal glory is the prize.

477. L. M. MRS STEELE.

The christian's inheritance.

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear ;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours :
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite ;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies :
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
Tho' time sweep earthly thrones away ;
The state which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd forever must remain.
- 6 Great God ! to thee we breathe our pray'r :
If thou confirm our int'rest there,
Enroll'd among thy happy poor ;
Our largest wishes ask no more.

478. C. M. BUTCHER.

The same subject.

- 1 WITH transport, LORD ! we view the page
Where all thy mercies shine ;
And joy to tell the rising age
What boundless grace is thine.
- 2 The world, with all its shifting schemes,
Time, with its fleeting hours,
Life, with its gay and flatt'ring dreams,
Its hopes and fears, is ours.
- 3 Death, also, at our Father's word,
Lays all his terrors by ;
Gently divides the "silver cord,"
And calls us to the sky.
- 4 Fain would our hearts a tribute bring
Before our Father's throne ;
A tribute worthy of our King,
Whose mercies are unknown.

479. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of heaven from the resurrection of Christ.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky ;

He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

- 3 What though the frame of man requires
That he should see the dust ;
Since Christ our pledge and pattern rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There 's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 They by the pow'r of God are kept,
Till this salvation come ;
They walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till he shall call them home.

480. L. M. BOWDEN.

The happiness of heaven.

- 1 FROM this world's joys, and senseless
mirth,
O come, my soul ! in haste retire ;
Assume the grandeur of thy birth,
And to thy native heav'n aspire.
- 2 Here 's nought below deserves delay,
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove ;
No solid ground thy hopes to stay,
Nor worthy object of thy love.
- 3 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry wish and want supply ;

Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,
Are all above the lofty sky.

- 4 There dwells the sov'reign LORD of all,
The God that all the worlds adore;
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,
And joys that last for evermore.

481. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The same subject.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 There pain and sickness never come;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 4 No malice, strife, or envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

- 6 There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 O ! may this heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love ;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

482. C. M. WATTS.

A prospect of heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away :
- 5 O ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,

And view the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the prospect o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

483. P. M. RIPPON'S TUNE BOOK.

The same subject.

- 1 ON wings of faith, mount up my soul, and
rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies:
Nor heart can think nor mortal tongue can
tell,
What endless pleasures in those mansions
dwell:
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and glo-
rious,
O'er sin and death and hell he reigns victo-
rious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain
In that blest country can admission gain;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling
tear.

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:

Here the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sov'reign virtue
bears.

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

484. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Hope of immortality.

- 1 THOSE happy realms of joy and peace
Fain would my heart explore ;
Where grief and pain for ever cease,
And I shall sin no more.
- 2 No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,
No languor seize the frame ;
But ever active vigour rise,
To feed the vital flame.
- 3 But ah ! a dreary vale between,
Extends its awful gloom :
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,
The horrors of the tomb.
- 4 O for the eye of faith divine
To pierce beyond the grave !
To see that friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save !
- 5 Here fix, my soul ! for life is here ;
Light breaks amid the gloom ;
Trust in JEHOVAH's love, nor fear
The horrors of the tomb.

485. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Longing for immortality.

- 1 IMPERFECT creatures of a day,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppress'd;
We sigh the ling'ring hours away,
And wish, and long to be releas'd.
- 2 Nor is it liberty alone,
Which prompts our restless ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan,
For robes and mansions in the skies:
- 3 Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from th' approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot.
- 4 There shall mortality no more
Its wide-extended empire boast;
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

486. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God the everlasting light of good men.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd!
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode ;
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvary'd day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of the good
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

487. C. M. WATTS.

The communion of saints.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke :
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light !

Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.

5 The just on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And heav'nly joys partake.

488. L. M. BUTCHER.

The final congregation of good characters.

1 FROM north and south, from east and
west,

Advance the myriads of the blest :
From ev'ry clime of earth they come,
And find in heav'n a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.

4 On earth, according to their light,
They aim'd to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiv'n,
And Jesus welcomes them to heav'n.

- 5 See, how along th' immortal meads,
His glorious host the Saviour leads !
And brings the myriads none can count,
To seats of joy on Zion's mount !

PART XV.

Particular Occasions.

489. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

On opening a new place of worship.

- 1 AND will the great Eternal God
On earth establish his abode ?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Regard our temples as his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise ;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill the worshippers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honour raise ;
Long may they echo with thy praise ;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

490. C. M. ORIGINAL.

The same subject.

- 1 GREATEST of beings ! Source of good !
We bow before thy throne,
Which from eternity hath stood,
And worship Thee alone.
- 2 No bounds thy high perfections know,
But fill creation wide ;
And wilt thou visit men below ?
Wilt thou on earth abide ?
- 3 Wilt thou vouchsafe thy presence here ?
And shed propitious rays,
While with united hands we rear
An altar to thy praise ?
- 4 Here, then, in ev'ry heart be found
The dwelling of thy choice ;
And here be heard that sweetest sound,
The cheerful, thankful voice.
- 5 While life eternal all pursue,
Here may the way be shown,
To know thyself, God only true,
And Christ thy chosen Son.
- 6 Here may the mind, while sunk in woes,
And comfort long delays,
On mercy's gentle breast repose,
And change its sighs for praise.
- 7 May love, with sweet resistless force,
Compel her guests to come ;

Arrest the sinner's downward course,
And call the wand'rer home.

- 8 Here be the solemn witness giv'n*,
Hence be it spread abroad ;
"There 's none like thee in earth or heav'n,
The LORD ALONE IS GOD."

491. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

A baptismal hymn.

- 1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O LORD !"
At Jordan's flood, behold ! he seals
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he said ;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.
- 3 Hark ! a glad voice ; the Father speaks,
From heav'n's exalted height ;
"This is my Son, my well-belov'd,
My joy, my chief delight."
- 4 Jesus, the Saviour, well belov'd !
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfil
Each law of righteousness.

* Joshua xxii. 24. The children of Reuben, and the children of Gad, called the altar *Ed* ; for it shall be a witness between us, that the LORD is God.

- 5 No more we'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love ;
O ! may such bonds for ever draw
Our souls to things above.
-

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

492. L. M. WATTS.

Institution of the Lord's supper.

- 1 'TWAS on that dreadful, doleful night,
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose
Against the Son of GOD's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
What love thro' all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " 'This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive, and eat the living food :"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 " Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord ;
Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend."

493. L. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Celebration of the Lord's supper.

- 1 THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request ;
Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep ?
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives ev'n of death ?
- 4 Shall he who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise ?
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim,
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name ;
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

494. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Invitation to the Lord's supper.

- 1 MY God !—and is this table spread ?
And does this cup with love o'erflow ?

- Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let this table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd ;
With warm desire let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Master's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, LORD !
And bid our drooping graces live ;
And more that energy afford,
A Saviour's death alone can give.

495. S. M. WATTS.

The communion.

- 1 JESUS invites his friends
To meet around his board ;
Here may his people sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.
- 3 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.
- 5 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
Our Father's name to raise ;
Let gratitude fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

496. L. M. WATTS.

For the Lord's supper.

- 1 HOW rich are thy provisions, LORD !
Thy table furnish'd from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast ;
We humbly take what they refuse ;
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage ;
And we are waiting till he come.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare for us a place,

That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

497. C. M. BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.

Brotherly kindness from the precept and example of Christ.

- 1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;
Inspir'd by love, he dy'd.
- 3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affections move?
This is the proof which he demands,
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be ev'ry mind;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

498. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's secret feast.

- 1 WE praise the LORD for heav'nly bread,
With which his favour'd sons are fed ;
We praise thee for that heav'nly feast,
Which Jesus with delight could taste.
- 2 He, while he sojourn'd here below,
Had meat, which strangers could not know;
That meat he to his people gives,
And he that tastes the banquet, lives.
- 3 So let us live, sustain'd by grace,
Regal'd with fruits of righteousness ;
Enter our hearts, all-gracious LORD,
And sup with us, and deck the board.
- 4 Devotion, faith, and zealous love,
And hope that bears the soul above,
Be these our dainties, till we rise,
And taste the joys of paradise.

499. C. M. WATTS.

Conclusion of the Lord's supper.

- 1 PITY the nations, O our God !
Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 2 We long to see thy churches full,
That all thy chosen race
May, with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

FOR CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

500. L. M. WATTS.

Compassion to the afflicted.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose heart is kind,
And melts with pity to the poor ;
Who, with a sympathizing mind,
Feels what his fellow-men endure.
- 2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hand can do ;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the LORD hath pity too.
- 3 This man shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
Though sword, or pestilence, or dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if with mortal suff'rings try'd,
Suff'rings shall all his soul refine ;
Sweet hope his refuge shall provide,
And minister a bliss divine.

501. L. M. WATTS.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 THRICE happy man, who fears the LORD,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word !
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind ;
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear ;
For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul, well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word :
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad ;
His works are still before his God :
His name on earth shall long remain,
Nor shall his future hopes be vain.

502. P. M. WATTS.

The same subject.

- 1 THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind :

Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he 's just to all mankind.

- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience bears his courage up :
The soul that 's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

503. C. M. KIDDERMINSTER COLLECTION.

Hymn for charity children.

- 1 SEE the kind shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name ;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds the tender lamb.
- 2 He 'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
Where living waters flow ;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 3 When, wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful shepherd still is near,
To guide us when we stray.

- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its shepherd's care ;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We 're safe from ev'ry snare.

504. P. M. BROADMEAD COLLECTION.

Another.

- 1 GLORY to our heav'nly King !
Bounteous Parent ! thee we sing :
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.
Thee we sing, with loud acclaim,
Praising thy all-glorious name.
- 2 GOD of glory ! GOD of love !
LORD of all the worlds above !
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for ev'ry good.
Thee we sing, &c.
- 3 More than all, we praise thee, LORD !
For the blessings of thy word,
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.
Thee we sing, &c.
- 4 Gracious Father ! heav'nly King !
Feeble lips presume to sing ;
Infant voices humbly raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.
Thee we sing, &c.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

505. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

For New Year's day.

- 1 HOUSE of our GOD, with cheerful an-
thems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces
sing ;
The op'ning year his bounties shall pro-
claim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.
The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descend-
ing.
- 2 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass and corn and oil and
wine ;
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations
meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ;
With grateful love, that lib'ral hand confess-
ing,
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry bless-
ing.
- 3 His mercy never ends ; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new beauties thro' new scenes
display'd ;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their fathers' God.

The soul of man, thro' its immense duration,
Drinks from this source, immortal consolation.

4 Burst into praise, my soul ! all nature, join ;
Angels and men, in harmony combine :
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending.

506. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The possibility of dying this year.

- 1 GOD of our lives ! thy constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year ;
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,
And wake anew our annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the dark regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run !
- 3 We yet survive ; but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
I shall retain my vital breath,
Thus far at least in league with death ?
- 4 That breath is thine, Eternal God !
Thine to determine our abode ;
We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign ;
Make us and own us still as thine ;

Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

- 6 Thy children, eager to be gone,
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,
And land them on that blooming shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

507. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Sun! stand thou still.

- 1 WHEN Isr'el's tribes on Gibeon pour'd,
The son of Nun unsheath'd his sword ;
He bade the sun retard his way,
And lengthen the victorious day.
- 2 Thus when tumultuous passions rise,
And fame, or pleasure, lures our eyes,
Or, bent on virtue's path sublime,—
We chide the swift-wing'd foot of time :
- 3 In vain we war with nature's force ;
Time's rapid car pursues its course ;
Nor virtue's, nor ambition's pow'r
Can stop the swiftly-moving hour.
- 4 The gay and great, the good and just
Alike are journeying to the dust :
Then haste, the race of virtue run,
Nor blame the quick revolving sun.
- 5 Bright orb, roll on o'er heav'n's wide face ;
Why should our wishes check thy pace ?
Why should we grudge the passing hour,
Which bears us to the friendly shore ?

- 6 Days, months and years, your rounds fulfil;
Witness our virtuous efforts still:
Nor let one vagrant day pass by,
Unbless'd by reason's victory.

508. L. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty and nine years, and he died.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain was the boast of lengthen'd years;
The patriarch's full maturity;
'Twas but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.
- 3 "He liv'd,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of th' historian's page!
Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father! in whose mighty hand,
The boundless years and ages lie;
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

509. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our helper.

- 1 MY Helper GOD ! I bless his name ;
The same his pow'r, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more :
And bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

510. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Help obtained of God.

- 1 GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand :
The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;

By his incessant bounty led,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit ;
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 Though death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
We 'll through eternal ages boast.

511. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on our waste of years.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their
rounds !
How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year ;

And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God ! my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 Thus shall their course more grateful
prove
If future years arise ;
And bear me, swift as time can move,
To joy that never dies.

FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

512. C. M. WATTS.

A funeral thought.

1 HARK ! from the tombs an awful sound !
My ears attend the cry :
“ Ye living men ! come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs !
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.”

3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?

- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To raise our thoughts on high ;
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

513. C. M. WATTS.

Meditation on death.

- 1 MY thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
Come, search the dust beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns the pow'r of death.
- 2 See, how the tyrant triumphs here !
His trophies scatter'd round !
What heaps of mould'ring bones appear
Through all the hollow ground !
- 3 "Soon must we leave the banks of life,
And try death's doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and vain the strife
To gain a moment's stay.
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear
O'er our cold limbs, and say—
"Once they were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they."
- 5 Thus shall our lifeless members teach
What now our senses learn ;
For dust and ashes loudly preach
Man's first and great concern.

514. C. M. WATTS.

Death of kindred improved.

- 1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our friend :
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys,
Let hope our grief dispel ;
The dead in Jesus shall arise,
In endless bliss to dwell.

515. L. M. MRS STEELE.

On the death of a parent.

- 1 THO' nature's voice you must obey,
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
That hand, which takes your joys away,
That sov'reign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
The parent gone, remov'd the friend !
With heart resign'd, His grace adore,
On whom your nobler hopes depend.

- 3 Does he not bid his children come
Through death's dark shades, to realms of
light?
Yet, when he calls them to their home,
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
- 4 His word—here let your soul rely—
Immortal consolation gives:
Your heav'nly Father cannot die,
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.
- 5 O be that best of friends your trust,
On his almighty arm recline;
He, when your comforts sink in dust,
Can give you blessings more divine.

516. C. M. MRS STEELE.

On the death of a young person.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more;
Behold the gaping tomb;
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

517. C. M. MRS STEELE.

On the death of a child.

- 1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender transient flow'r,
That ev'n in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before?
- 3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo!—stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears:
Religion points on high;

There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

518. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort for parents on the loss of children.

- 1 YE mourning souls, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead !
Say not in transports of despair
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly Parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touch'd by the ALMIGHTY's hand.
- 4 "I 'll give the mourner," saith the LORD,
"In my own house a place ;
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is ev'ry hope
A rising race can give ;
In endless honour and delight,
My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, LORD ! those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see ;
And bless those wounds which thro' our
hearts,
Prepare a way for thee.

519. C. M. MRS STEELE.

Hope in the death of friends.

- 1 WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes :
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
And beams a healing ray ;
And guides us, from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.
- 4 To those bright courts, when hope ascends,
She calms the swelling woe ;
In hope we meet our happy friends,
And tears forget to flow.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
That earthly comfort dies ;
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies.

520. L. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

A funeral hymn.

- 1 THE GOD of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around,
When tender friends and kindred die.

- 2 Yet not one anxious murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend ;
Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living Friend.
- 3 Parent, Protector, Guardian, Guide !
Thou art each tender name in one ;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 Our Father GOD ! to thee we look,
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

521. C. M. WATTS.

The funeral of a christian.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 The graves of all his friends he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?
- 3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise :

Awake, ye nations under ground!
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

522. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Christian patience, consolation and hope.

- 1 IS there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?
- 2 Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her comforts were not made to die.
- 3 Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 4 Then, gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky:
- 5 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasures bloom to fade no more.

523. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For a congregation on the death of its minister.

- 1 LET our dejected hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry :
Why should those eyes be drown'd in tears,
Which view a Father nigh ?
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 4 To him, when mortal comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly ;
And on his never-failing care,
With cheerful hope rely.
- 5 The pow'rs of nature, LORD ! are thine ;
And thine the aids of grace :
Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
Thy mourning servants bless :
O change to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.

524. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

On occasion of a dreadful fire.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! our humbled souls
Before thy presence bow :
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou !
- 2 Fann'd by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Like a wild deluge pour ;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies moulder'd in an hour.
- 3 Led on by thee in horrid pomp,
Destruction rears its head ;
And blacken'd walls, and smoking heaps,
Thro' all the streets are spread.
- 4 LORD ! in the dust we lay us down,
And mourn thy righteous ire ;
Yet bless the hand of guardian love,
That snatch'd us from the fire.
- 5 O may we view, with dauntless eyes,
The last tremendous day,
When earth and seas, and stars and skies,
In flames shall melt away.

525. C. M. MRS CARTER.

In a thunder-storm.

- 1 LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders thro' the sky.

- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Thro' nature's ever-varying scene,
By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.
-

NATIONAL HYMNS.

526. P. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for national and universal blessings.

- 1 MAY God his fav'ring ear incline,
And bid his face on Isr'el shine,
That all thy counsels, LORD! may know,
Where earth extends, or oceans flow,
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes,
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.
To thee, of life th' eternal Spring,
Invisible, all-potent King!
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.
- 2 Ye distant realms! your voice employ
In songs of gratitude and joy;
2 L 2

Exult, each tribe ! exult, each land !
 Heav'n's mighty LORD, with equal hand,
 The balance holds ; and earth's domain
 Shall own to latest age his reign.

To thee, of life, &c.

- 3 So, warm'd by genial suns, the field
 With full increase its fruits shall yield,
 And God, thy God, O Isr'el ! shed
 His choicest blessings on thy head :
 God shall on us his blessings show'r,
 And man's whole race revere his pow'r.
 To thee, of life, &c.

527. L. M. BUTCHER.

Divine judgments deprecated.

- 1 WHO shall not tremble, mighty GOD !
 Before thine all-controlling rod ?
 And own the potency of that sway,
 Which speaks, and sweeps whole worlds
 away ?
- 2 When daring sins provoke thine ire,
 Where shall the guilty tribes retire ?
 In vain thro' heav'n and earth they flee,
 For heav'n and earth are full of thee !
- 3 LORD ! when, to scourge a guilty race,
 Thine awful wrath restrains thy grace,
 Let mercy, like an ark, defend
 The souls that to thy voice attend.

528. L. M. WATTS.

Peace and protection from God.

- 1 YE righteous ! in your King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
He utters his almighty voice,—
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease :
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 3 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :
Keep silence, all the earth ! and hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 4 Be still, and know that I am God ;
I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
I will be known and fear'd abroad ;
But still my throne in Zion stands.

529. C. M. PATRICK.

National tranquillity and security from God.

- 1 IN vain opposing nations rage,
If God with us abide ;
One word of his dissolves their strength,
And humbles all their pride.
- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet ;
He gives the dread command,

And war its desolation spreads
Thro' ev'ry trembling land.

- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,
And desolations cease;
War's loud alarms are heard no more,
And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Thro' all your various tribes be still,
And know that he is God.

530. L. M. AIKIN.

Hymn in time of war.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.
- 2 Thou, who hast stamp'd on human kind
The image of a heav'n-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherish'd all the kindred race;
- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battles wage;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood!
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

- 5 Great God ! whose pow'rful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the madd'ning world to peace.
- 6 With rev'rence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above—
“My creatures, live in mutual love !”

531. L. M. MERRICK.

The same subject.

- 1 O COME, behold a scene of dread !
Behold a world with slaughter spread !
And know, 'tis God who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
- 2 'Tis his again the earth to cheer,
To break the bow, to snap the spear,
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And hush the tumult of the war.
- 3 Behold us, LORD ! oppress'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go :
Repuls'd, dispers'd, chastis'd by thee,
Grant us again thy face to see.
- 4 O thou, the God whom we adore !
Our breaches heal, our peace restore :
Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
O let thy strength, great God ! sustain.
- 5 The objects of thy tend'rest love
O save, propitious from above !

Let us with them thy mercy share,
And hear, O hear, our ceaseless pray'r !

532. C. M. TATE.

National deliverance.

- 1 THY gracious favour, LORD ! display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And, for thy wondrous mercies' sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.
- 2 GOD's answer patiently I 'll wait ;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.
- 3 To all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation 's near ;
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.
- 4 For Mercy, now, with Truth is join'd,
And Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
- 5 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst
heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour ;
And GOD, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.
- 6 Before him Righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare ;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue,
With constant zeal and care.

533. C. M. PITT.

God speaking peace.

- 1 STILL to the mighty LORD of hosts,
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.
- 2 Hither, ye num'rous nations, crowd,
In silent rapture stand ;
And see, o'er all the earth display'd,
The wonders of his hand.
- 3 He bids the din of war be still,
And all its tumults cease ;
He bids the guiltless trumpets sound
The harmony of peace.
- 4 He breaks the tough, reluctant bow,
Asunder cuts the spear ;
And, in the crackling fire, his hand
Consumes the blazing car.
- 5 Hear, then, his formidable voice,
" Be still, and know the LORD ;
By all the heathen I 'll be fear'd,
By all the earth ador'd."
- 6 Still to the mighty LORD of hosts
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

534. C. M. JERVIS.

*The designs of providence in the changes and
revolutions of the world.*

- 1 GOD, to correct a guilty world,
In wrath is slow to rise;
But comes at length, in thunder cloth'd,
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His awful banners, lifted high,
The nations' God declare;
And stain'd with blood, with terrors
mark'd,
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly glory, pomp and pride,
Are in his presence lost:
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres,
crowns,
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and misery prevail,
And desolation wide;
In GOD, the sov'reign LORD of all,
The righteous still confide.
- 5 Dark and mysterious is the course
Of his tremendous way:
His path is in the trackless winds,
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, though envelop'd in the cloud,
And from our view conceal'd,
The righteous Judge will soon appear,
In majesty reveal'd!

- 7 Then will he curb the lawless pow'r,
The deadly wrath of man;
And all the windings will unfold
Of his own gracious plan.
- 8 Then all the sons of tyranny
In ruin shall be hurl'd;
And light, and liberty, and bliss,
Embrace the new-born world.

535. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thanksgiving for national deliverance.

- 1 PRAISE to the LORD, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well chosen day.
- 2 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
- 3 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

536. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Praise for national peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath

- Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain :
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
pow'r;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing ;
Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous LORD !
All move subservient to thy will ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore :
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore !

537. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Thanksgiving for peace.

- 1 NOW let our songs address the God of
peace,
Who bids the tumult of the battle cease ;

The pointed spears to pruning hooks he
bends,
And the broad falchion in the plough-share
ends.

His pow'rful word unites contending nations,
In kind embrace, and friendly salutations.

2 While we beneath our vines and fig-trees
sit,

Or thus within thy sacred temple meet,
Accept, great God! the tribute of our song,
And all the mercies of this day prolong :
Then spread thy peaceful word thro' ev'ry
nation,
That all the earth may hail thy great salvation.

538. P. M. LEWINS MEAD COLLECTION.

On peace.

1 PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme ;
Loud, still louder swell the strain :
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

2 Breezes! whisp'ring soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows! far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder, swell the strain :
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

- 4 Vocal songsters of the grove !
Sweetly chant in notes of love,
Now, when war and discord cease,
Praises to the God of peace.
 - 5 Mortals ! who these blessings feel ;
Christians ! who before him kneel ;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain :
Peace on earth ! good-will to men.
-

CLOSE OF THE SERVICE.

539. P. M.

After sermon.

- 1 THANKS for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, LORD ! thy peace and love ;
And, e'er life's short race is run,
Fit us for thy house above.

540. C. M. DEACON.

Close of the service.

- 1 O FOR a plenitude of grace,
Descending from above !
To animate the human race
With peace, and joy, and love.

- 2 Grant, heav'nly King ! what we desire ;
And send the happy day,
When all shall after thee inquire,
And cheerfully obey.
- 3 Then will the nations serve the LORD
With purity and zeal ;
With candour hear his blessed word,
With pleasure do his will.

541. P. M. TOPLADY.

The same subject.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :
Let us, each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

542. L. M.

At the close of the evening service.

- 1 HOW blest is he, whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight in toil and pain.

- 2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom, and driving show'r ;
The sweetest sunshine is the last,
The loveliest, is the ev'ning hour.

543. C. M.

The same subject.

- 1 SOON will our fleeting hours be past ;
And as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend ;
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end :
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve ;
Till each receives the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

544. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian farewell.

- 1 THY presence, everlasting God !
Wide thro' all nature spreads abroad :
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain ;
When sep'rate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.

- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

PART XVI.

Domestic and Private Worship.

✂ It will readily occur to the intelligent reader, that many of the hymns classed under this head are not exclusively confined either to domestic or private worship, but may with great propriety be used in public assemblies of Christians.

545. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Family religion.

- 1 FATHER of men ! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace :
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd ;
Tho' LORD of heav'n, he deigns to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee let each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows :
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;

While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

546. L. M. MISS SCOTT.

Family religion.

- 1 WHERE'ER the LORD shall build my
house,
An altar to his name I 'll raise ;
There, morn and ev'ning, shall ascend
The sacrifice of pray'r and praise.
- 2 With duteous mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law ;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.
- 3 If num'rous blessings of the earth
Indulgent providence afford,
With warm united hearts we 'll pay
Our grateful tribute to the LORD.
- 4 Here may he fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love ;
Till, ripen'd for a happier state,
We meet th' assembled church above.

547. C. M. D. TAYLOR'S COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise ;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last ;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

548. S. M. WATTS.

Domestic peace and harmony.

- 1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree !
How blest are all whose hearts unite
In bands of piety !
- 2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart :
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess ;
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet :
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs,
Make their communion sweet.

- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above ;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

549. L. M. MRS BARBAULD.

Pious friendship.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping sick'ning fire ;
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

550. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living habitually in the fear of God.

- 1 THRICE happy men who, born from heav'n,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin;
And spend it in his fear.
- 2 'Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our off'rings to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctify'd to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

551. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy and prosperity from the blessing of God.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God !
With rays of mercy shine :
O let thy favour crown our days,
And their whole course be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain :
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us thro' this toilsome road,
Till all our labours cease ;
And thus prepare our weary souls
For everlasting peace.

552. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Secret devotion.

- 1 FATHER Divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign, in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

553. L. M. WATTS.

Retirement and meditation.

- 1 MY GOD ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Father, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy gracious word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

554. C. M. COWPER.

The same subject.

- 1 FAR from the world, O LORD ! I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine ;
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo thro' the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

555. C. M. WATTS.

Devotion in sickness.

- 1 DISEASES are thy servants, LORD !
They come at thy command ;
I 'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 2 I 'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 3 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

556. L. M. WATTS.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night :
Fondly I said within my heart,
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
And when thy face was turn'd aside,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 Hear me, O God of grace ! I said,
And raise me from among the dead :

Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

- 4 I will extol thee, LORD ! on high ;
At thy command diseases fly :
Who but a GOD can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 5 Thine anger but a moment stays ;
Thy love is life and length of days ;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

557. L. M. MERRICK.

The benefit of divine correction.

- 1 IN devious paths awhile I trod,
Ere yet corrected by thy rod ;
But disciplin'd, Great Sire ! by thee,
Obsequious bow to thy decree.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, severely kind,
Whose stroke recall'd my erring mind,
And urg'd me, as to thee I turn,
Thy hallow'd institutes to learn.
- 3 But O ! if yet my sins demand
The wise corrections of thy hand,
LORD ! give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
- 4 Hence, ye profane ! my Saviour hears ;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears :
My Saviour hears ; and deigns to save
His servant from the op'ning grave.

558. C. M. WATTS.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, LORD !
And thy deliv'rance send :
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end !
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.
- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.
- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.
- 5 I know thy judgments, LORD ! are right,
Tho' they may seem severe ;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

559. C. M. WATTS.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 I LOVE the LORD ; he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I 'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the LORD ; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 Among my friends, and in this house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;
'There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 4 The LORD beheld me sore distress,
He bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

560. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 MY God ! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,

When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.

3 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
Upon thy faithful breast;
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call,
To his eternal rest.

4 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back, from the borders of the grave,
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

6 Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heav'n with thee.

561. C. M. MRS STÉELE.

Support and deliverance in affliction.

1 NOW to thy heav'nly Father's praise,
My heart, thy tribute bring:
That goodness which prolongs my days,
With grateful pleasure sing.

2 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod;
His pow'rful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.

- 3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.
- 4 LORD! I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand, that loos'd my bonds of pain,
Has bound me with thy love.

562. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praise for recovery from sickness.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of life! I own thy hand
In ev'ry chast'ning stroke;
And while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cry'd,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Unfold the gates of righteousness,
That, with the pious throng,
I may record my solemn vows,
And tune my grateful song.
- 4 Praise to the LORD, whose gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praise to the LORD, who makes his saints
Triumphant ev'n in death.
- 5 My God! in thine appointed hour
Those heav'nly gates display,

Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away :

- 6 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

563. L. M. MRS STEELE.

Gratitude and devotion.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to the LORD,
Or how his wondrous grace record ?
To him my grateful voice I 'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.
- 2 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day ;
In life and death the saints shall find
Their guardian God for ever kind.
- 3 Thy servant, LORD ! is wholly thine,
By nature's ties, and bonds divine ;
From deep distress, and sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to thee.

564. C. M. BOYSE.

Life reviewed.

- 1 WHEN o'er the trodden paths of life,
Backwards I turn mine eyes,
What varied scenes throughout the road
Awaken my surprise !

- 2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour
Imparted vital breath,
Just look'd on life, and clos'd their eyes,
In the fast sleep of death.
- 3 Thousands, who climb'd to manhood's
stage,
Safe thro' unnumber'd snares,
Travell'd not far before they sunk
Amidst its thorns and cares.
- 4 Follow'd thro' ev'ry changing stage,
With goodness all my days,
Deny me not a heart to love,
A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee
Echo along the road ;
O ! may I join those endless songs
That fill thy blest abode.

565. L. M. STODDON.

Despair no virtue.

- 1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears,
As if my LORD were loth to save ?
Or lov'd to see us steep'd in tears,
And sink with sorrow to the grave ?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne ?
Or crush them with an iron rod ?
Is he refresh'd to hear us groan ?
Is he a tyrant, or a God ?
- 3 Not all th' iniquities thou 'st wrought,
So much his tender bowels grieve,

As this unkind, injurious thought,—
That he 's unwilling to forgive.

566. L. M. COWPER.

God is love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 O ! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

567. C. M. MRS STEELE.

The presence of God in affliction.

- 1 IN vain, while dark affliction spreads
Her melancholy gloom,

Kind providence its blessings sheds,
And nature's beauties bloom.

2 For all that charms the taste or sight
My heart no wish respires;
O for a beam of heav'nly light,
When earthly hope expires!

3 Thou only centre of my rest!
Look down with pitying eye,
While, with protracted pain opprest,
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

4 Thy gracious presence, O my God!
My ev'ry wish contains:
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

5 This can my ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.

568. C. M. COTTON.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the LORD can save.

2 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore my peace:
For he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

2 O

- 3 In the dark watches of the night
I 'll count his mercies o'er ;
I 'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He 's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my GOD.

569. C. M. WATTS.

Imploring divine consolation.

- 1 RETURN, O GOD of love ! return ;
Reveal thy wonted grace :
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years ;
Let sin and sorrow cease ;
And in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete :
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love is great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
And see thy glory, LORD !
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

570. L. M. JERVIS.

The prospect of sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN all the pow'rs of nature fail;
When sickness shall my heart assail,
Shall ev'ry nobler part pervade,
And ev'ry earthly wish shall fade:
- 2 When pain, of ev'ry nerve possest,
Shall vibrate in my throbbing breast;
Or languor o'er my senses steal,
And med'cine lose its pow'r to heal:
- 3 When death shall chill the vital heat;
When this fond heart shall cease to beat,
This falt'ring tongue forget to speak,
"A mortal paleness on my cheek:"
- 4 When my dim eyes are sunk in death,
And God who gave shall take my breath;
May he sustain my fainting heart,
And comfort to my soul impart.
- 5 May his bright presence bring relief
From fear, despondency, and grief;
His cheering voice direct my way
To regions of eternal day.

571. C. M. BURNS.

A prayer in the prospect of death.

- 1 O THOU unknown, almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, after death,
I surely must appear!

- 2 If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *something*, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done :
- 3 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do thou, All-good ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
- 4 Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But thou art good ; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

572. C. M. ENFIELD'S COLLECTION.

Comfort in sickness and death.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies ;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Then the tremendous arm of death
Its hated sceptre shows ;
And nature faints beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul !
In nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,

In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heav'n his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

573. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Support in death.

- 1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu !
Which I so long have known :
My friends, a long farewell to you !
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.
- 4 But see ! a ray of light,
With splendours all divine,
Breaks thro' these dreary realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where death, where darkness reigns,
JEHOVAH is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

- 6 Great Shepherd ! lead me on ;
My soul disdains to fear ;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Now life's great LORD is near.

574. C. M. ADDISON.

Hope in the divine mercy.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face ;
O how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O LORD ! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul ;
O ! how shall I appear ?
- 4 But there's forgiveness, LORD ! with thee ;
Thy nature is benign ;
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, LORD ! is thine.
- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul !
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace,
In that decisive hour

When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

575. C. M. WATTS.

A psalm for a master of a family.

- 1 OF justice and of truth I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
With truth and justice, heav'nly King!
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God! be near,
And make thy servant wise;
And let me suffer nothing there,
That shall offend thy eyes.
- 3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,
Or dares oppress the poor;
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
Be distant from my door.
- 4 Still may I seek the good and just,
And still their help enjoy:
Such be the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I employ.
- 5 While sin in others I reprove,
Be ev'ry virtue mine;
And let the wisdom from above
Through all my conduct shine.
- 6 Who shall the most in love abound,
Our sole contention be;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling dear to thee.

576. P. M. MERRICK.

The dwellings of the righteous.

- 1 MERCY, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the subject of its song :
LORD ! to whom then shall I sing,
But to thee, th' eternal King ?
- 2 Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide,
Or from thy all-perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin, to stray.
- 3 Come, O come, celestial guest !
Let my roof with thee be blest ;
Let thy beams effulgent play,
And within my mansion stay.
- 4 Lo ! my heart, with studious care,
For thy presence I prepare,
And my dwelling's full extent
Spotless to thy view present.
- 5 Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand,
Dare to break thy just command ;
Ne'er within me shalt thou find
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.
- 6 Come, ye faithful, just, and good,
Eager for the bright abode—
Come, ye pure in heart, O come,
Sure with me to find a home.

577. C. M. WATTS.

*Instructions to the young, from a review of
past dispensations of providence.*

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

578. L. M. WATTS.

Instructions of piety.

- 1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy !
Attend the counsels of my tongue :
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 To humble souls, and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh :
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

579. C. M. WATTS.

The advantages of early religion.

- 1 HAPPY is he whose early years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 For youth devoted to the LORD,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes ;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our hearts we now resign :

'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath;
Thus, we 're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

580. C. M. SALISBURY COLLECTION.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

- 1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb:
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy pow'rs employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.
- 4 Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

581. C. M. LOGAN.

Heavenly wisdom.

- 1 HOW happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;

- And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

582. C. M. WATTS.

The aged christian's reflections and hope.

- 1 MY God! my everlasting Hope!
I live upon thy truth:
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
And shows thy skill divine;
And from my life's first dawning hour
I've been entirely thine.

- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
In each revolving year :
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

583. C. M. WATTS.

The aged christian's prayer.

- 1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days !
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age ;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove :

O ! may these poor remains of breath
Proclaim thy boundless love.

584. C. M. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

Prayer for support in old age and death.

- 1 ETERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high !
Whom heav'nly hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh :
Thy presence I implore.
- 2 O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
- 3 My flying years time urges on ;
What 's human must decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour ;
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me with almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.

585. C. M. LOGAN.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind !
Do thou my hopes sustain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;

And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 My God! who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat,
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wand'ring feet:

4 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age,
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

5 I know the pow'r in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

586. C. M. COTTON.

Absence from social worship.

1 O THE abundance of thy house,
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts,
O'erwhelms me with despair.

2 In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days!
Pray'r my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

3 But now I 'm lost to ev'ry joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden moments ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

- 4 Yet, O my soul! why thus depress'd?
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former kindness fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.
- 5 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the LORD sustain thy steps?
And was not God thy guide?

587. L. M. MERRICK.

Prayer for life.

- 1 TO thee, great God! my knees I bend;
To thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend;
O let my sorrows reach thine ears,
And mark my sighs, my groans, my tears!
- 2 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.
- 3 O spare me, LORD! awhile, O spare!
And nature's ruin'd strength repair,
Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

588. C. M. ADDISON.

The traveller's hymn.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O LORD!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt thro' burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,
Makes ev'ry region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all my griefs and straits, O LORD !
Thy mercy sets me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My heart takes hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I 'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 8 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O ! may death, when death shall come,
Unite my soul to thee.

589. L. M. WATTS.

The mariner's hymn.

- 1 GOD of the seas ! thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice ;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 The scaly tribes amidst the sea,
To thee, their LORD, a tribute pay ;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Proclaims the mighty pow'r of God.
- 3 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst the wat'ry nations, LORD !
Yet the bold men who trace the seas,
Shall they refuse their Maker's praise ?
- 4 When scenes of wonder here they see,
Then let them raise a song to thee :
And, while the flood they safely ride,
Bless the kind hand that smooths the tide.

590. L. M. WATTS.

The mariner's praise for deliverance.

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of GOD,
His wonders in the world abroad ;
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind ;
Till GOD command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

- 3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage ;
The furious waves forget their rage :
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 5 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the LORD !
Let them their grateful off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

591. L. M. MERRICK.

The orphan's hymn.

- 1 O HEAR me, LORD ! on thee I call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall ;
Propitious in my cause appear,
And bow to my request thine ear.
- 2 " Seek ye my face with duteous care,
And frequent to my throne repair :"
Thus to my heart I hear thee speak ;
Thy face, my heart replies, I seek.
- 3 Look down, my only hope ! look down ;
Behold me, but without a frown ;
And ne'er to my desiring eye
Thy presence, heav'nly LORD ! deny.
- 4 O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee still my great salvation find ;

Nor leave me, helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

5 When, doom'd the orphan's lot to bear,
No father's kind concern I share,
Nor o'er me wakes a mother's eye,
My wants attentive to supply :—

6 Adopted by thy care, in thee
The Parent and the Friend I see ;
And, nourish'd by thy fost'ring hand,
Within thy courts secure I stand.

592. C. M. WATTS.

Hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand !
Ten thousand snares our path surround,
And yet secure we stand.

2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r,
Which form'd us with a word !
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the LORD.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And mercy guards the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morn cannot assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

- 5 GOD is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble frame lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

593. L. M. WATTS.

A hymn for morning or evening.

- 1 MY God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

594. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Hymn for daily protection.

- 1 ON thee each morning, O my God!
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

- 3 God leads me thro' the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.
- 4 When ev'ning slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.
- 5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, LORD! art with me still.

595. C. M. MRS ROWE.

God's goodness renewed every morning and evening.

- 1 GREAT GOD! my early vows to thee
With gratitude I'll bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.
- 2 Thou, round the heav'nly arch, dost draw
A dark and sable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 3 Again the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.
- 4 And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,

Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

- 5 For this will I my vows to thee
With ev'ning incense bring ;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

596. C. M. MRS STEELE.

A morning hymn.

- 1 LORD of my life ! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours !
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes ;
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me
spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare.
My heedless steps defend.

- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

597. L. M. WATTS.

A morning hymn.

- 1 GOD of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies :
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins;
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Thus, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 LORD ! thy commands are clear and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 5 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

598. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

A morning hymn.

- 1 STILL do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along!
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.
- 2 LORD! what is man, when, lost in sleep,
Sense and reflection dies?
And yet, from this defenceless state
With new delight I rise.
- 3 Great God of Hosts! accept the song:
I own the wondrous grace:
O may the Guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days!
- 4 'Tis theirs alone such bliss to know,
Who do their Father's will;
Resolve, my soul, and, sin subdu'd,
Defy each mortal ill.
- 5 This day shall ev'ry hour correct
The follies of the past;
And such shall all its actions be
As would adorn the last.

599. L. M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

- 1 THUS far the LORD has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And strength supplies for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow of my head :
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning may I bear
Thy loving kindness on my heart !
- 5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to burst my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

600. C. M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

- 1 LORD ! thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice :
And when my work is done,

Great God ! my steadfast faith relies
Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

601. C. M. WATTS.

An evening hymn.

- 1 LORD ! when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My frame, with fear and wonder, stands
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands,
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These, on my heart, by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee !

602. C. M. MRS STEELE.

An evening hymn.

- 1 THE man of humble, upright heart,
As his peculiar care,
The LORD himself has set apart,
And when he calls will hear.

- 2 With pious awe your hearts survey,
And ev'ry sin repent ;
Let true contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.
- 3 Your sacrifice the LORD will own,
If thus you seek his face,
Thus humbly bow before his throne,
And trust his pard'ning grace.

603. C. M. LIVERPOOL COLLECTION.

An evening hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God ! whose bounteous
care
O'er all thy works is shown ;
O let my grateful praise and pray'r
Ascend before thy throne !
- 2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou blest !
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
- 4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er ;
At length, to realms of endless light,
Enraptur'd let me soar.

604. C. M. GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

An evening hymn.

- 1 SEE! the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams;
While from his brow a parting ray,
In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns;
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
And shine from pole to pole:
Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
And charms th' attentive soul.
- 4 The starry arch in grandeur glows,
Thro' all its ample round:
Great God! thy pow'r no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

605. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

An evening hymn.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumbers to my eyes!
Tir'd with glaring vanities.
- 2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:

By my heav'nly Father blest,
Thus I give my pow'rs to rest.

3 Heav'nly Father ! gracious name !
Night and day his love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Ev'ry anxious care forgot !

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God !
Crown'st my days with various good :
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

5 What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

6 With thy heav'nly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest :
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure,—for still with thee !

606. P. M. DODDRIDGE.

Meditations in the night season.

1 WHAT tho' downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ;
While with God's protection blest,
Cares and fears ne'er haunt my breast.

2 While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way ;

- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise :
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise :
- 5 'Midst the throng, his gentle ear
Shall my grateful accents hear :
From on high will he impart
Secret comfort to my heart :
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.—
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake, with thee !



APPENDIX.

TO PART I.

Christian Worship, and the Lord's Day.

607. S. M. DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

Invitations to the house of God.

- 1 COME to the house of pray'r,
O thou afflicted, come ;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the pow'r to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heav'n on earth be won.

608. P. M. DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

Engagedness in devotion.

- 1 LORD ! before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wand'ring thoughts and languid pow'rs,
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.
- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares :
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent pray'rs.
- 4 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temples of the LORD !

Teach them wisdom's heav'nly way ;
To their feet thy light afford.

- 5 Now begin the glorious song,
Theme of wonder, love, and joy ;
Angels ! the glad notes prolong ;
Seraphs ! 'tis your blest employ.

609. L. M. F.

For the commencement of public worship.

- 1 HERE, in thy temple, LORD ! we bow ;
To thee our feeble thoughts would rise :—
O grant that we may bring thee now
A pure and holy sacrifice.
- 2 What is the world ? that it should share
Hearts which belong to God alone ;
What are the idols reigning there ?
Compar'd with thee, Almighty One !
- 3 Fountain of living waters ! we
To earthly springs would stoop no more,
Athirst, we humbly turn to thee ;
Into our hearts thy spirit pour—
- 4 The spirit of thy boundless love,
The spirit of thy truth and peace ;
Come, blessed spirit ! from above,
And every earth-bound soul release.

TO PART VIII.

Christ and Christianity.

610. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The gospel a glorious light.

- 1 THE gospel, like another sun,
Shines with a glorious ray;
Chasing the darkness of the night,
It spreads the moral day.
- 2 What blessed truths this book reveals!
What hope its pages give!
Pardon and peace the gospel brings,
And bids the sinner live.
- 3 Purer than silver most refin'd,
Its holy precepts shine:
The promises most precious are;
Th' examples are divine.
- 4 The Father's grace, the Saviour's love,
Adorn the sacred page;
Our youth it guides, and well supports
The feeble steps of age.
- 5 Immortal life it brings to light,—
A life of perfect joy;
Pleasures refin'd, which always charm;
Delights that never cloy.

- 6 Thy gospel, LORD ! demands our praise,
For this thy name we bless ;
O may our hearts as well as tongues,
Its glorious pow'r confess !

611. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis music to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! O the pow'r and grace
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and GOD again !
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around ;
And all the arches of the sky
Send back the noble sound.

612. S. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

By grace we are saved.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a pleasing sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To rescue sinful man ;

And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace shows our wand'ring feet
The true, the heav'nly road ;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
In heav'n it leads the spirit on,
And claims unceasing praise.

613. S. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The hope of mercy.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the whole earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how Eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From an abyss of woes.

3 Pardon and peace from heav'n,
Jesus proclaims abroad ;
And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.

4 Now, sinners ! dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Grateful accept your Father's love,
And take the offer'd peace.

614. P. M. DRUMMOND.

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 GIVE thanks to GOD the LORD ;
The victory is ours ;
And sin is overcome
By Christ's triumphant pow'rs.
The monster now
In chains is bound,
And Death has felt
His mortal wound.
- 2 Oppress'd by guilt and woe,
The world in darkness lay ;
Till Christ on earth appear'd—
Then all was boundless day.
With terror struck,
The host of night
Fled in despair,
To shun the light.
- 3 Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb,
Behold the trophy blaze ;
The banner of the Cross,
That pours its streaming rays,
To mark the path
Where Jesus trod,
And upward guide
Our steps to God.
- 4 Give thanks to GOD the LORD !
The victory is won ;
And up the path to heav'n,
Our march is now begun.

The hymn of joy
Exulting raise ;
And shout aloud
The Saviour's praise.

615. P. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The gospel jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye wand'ring sinners, home.
- 2 Behold the Son of God,
Commission'd from above,
To all the human race
The messenger of love ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye contrite sinners, home.
- 3 The gospel-trumpet sounds ;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear :
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye pardon'd sinners, home.

616. P. M. LIVERPOOL, RENSHAW ST COLL.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 O LET your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;

Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heav'nly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, and sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

617. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Divine love in the gospel.

1 TO thee, my heart, eternal King !
Would now its thankful tribute bring ;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.

- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, in worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word, I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths are giv'n ;
There, Jesus shows the way to heav'n ;
His voice salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There, Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the lab'ring conscience peace ;
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O may my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong ;
And distant climes thy name adore,
'Till time and nature are no more !

618. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Praise for the salvation through Jesus.

- 1 TO God, of ev'ry good the Spring,
'The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth through Jesus giv'n,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heav'n.
- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation ! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell every fearful, trembling soul,
The word of Christ will make him whole :

Invite the weary poor to come ;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.

- 4 Jesus ! that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,
Give ease to ev'ry throbbing breast,
And to the weary mourner, rest.
- 5 Jesus, our Prophet, Saviour, King !
For Jesus, grateful praise we bring
To thee from whom his blessings flow'd ;
To thee, our Father and our God !

TO PART IX.

Penitential.

619. S. M. DRUMMOND.

A call to repentance.

- 1 "TOGETHER let us plead,
O sinner," saith the LORD;
"Give to the voice of wisdom heed,
And trust my faithful word."
- 2 "Like scarlet, tho' they glow,
Or like the crimson bright,
Your sins shall soon be pure as snow,
As fleecy vesture white."
- 3 By penitence and pray'r,
The wondrous change is wrought;
They sooth the pangs of deep despair,
And heal the wounded thought.
- 4 Bath'd in the hallow'd dew
Of penitential tears,
The soul her health and strength renews,
And bright in heav'n appears:
- 5 There all the heav'nly host,
With acclamations high,
From death her glad recov'ry boast,
And welcome to the sky.

620. P. M. JOHN TAYLOR.

Penitential acknowledgments, and supplications for pardon.

- 1 GOD of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on ev'ry face,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent ;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent.
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own,
Humbled, at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

TO PART X.

Devout Affections and Good Resolutions.

621. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Supplication for spiritual blessings.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore !
Through ev'ry age let praise ascend ;
Let ev'ry clime adore.
- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way !
- 4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 5 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At ought thy wisdom hath deny'd,
Or ought thy goodness lent.

- 6 This day be bread and peace my lot:—
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.
- 7 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

TO PART XII.

The Christian Character.

622. C. M. MRS BARBAULD.

Christian charity.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping foll'wers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain :
- 4 Whose breast expands with gen'rous
warmth
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.
- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief :
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

- 6 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow :
He views thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

623. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Christian purity.

- 1 FROM every thought and wish impure
Great God ! preserve my soul ;
May ev'ry rebel passion bow
To thy divine control.
- 2 Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts,
To lead the soul aside ;
O teach me every art to shun,
And be my constant guide !
- 3 Ne'er let me venture to begin
The gay, enchanted round,
Where, in a thoughtless, guilty maze,
The slaves of sin are found.
- 4 O grant me thine assisting grace
Where'er I 'm call'd to go !

Upheld by thee, my cautious feet
The paths of peace shall know.

- 5 Through all the dang'rous scenes of life,
Deign, LORD! my way to trace;
And after death may I behold,
With joy, thy holy face!

624. L. M. GREGG, ALTERED.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee;
Asham'd of thee, God's only Son,
The promis'd and anointed one!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Might midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Twas midnight with the world till he,
Bright morning star! bade darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my noblest hopes depend;—
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of thee! yes, I may be,
When I 've no sins, blest Lord! to flee,
No fears to quell, no good to crave,
No tears to wipe, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then the cross with all the shame
He bore for me, my love shall claim;
So then at last my boast shall be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

625. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The same subject.

- 1 IS there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound?
- 2 'The Son of God, adorn'd with grace,
Commission'd from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.
- 3 Behold his gentle spirit feel
The suff'rings of mankind;
And with a word, the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.
- 4 How lofty were the truths he taught!
How pure the life he led!
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head?
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! shall we let
This precious Saviour go?
And, basely, at defiance set
Him who hath lov'd us so?
- 6 Forbid it, LORD! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame;

But each with holy courage fill'd,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

626. L. M. CHRISTIAN REFORMER, FROM THE
NEW YORK COLLECTION.

Abiding in Christ.

- 1 FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,
And raze his image from my heart;
Forsake the beams of heav'nly day,
And follow nature's feeble ray?
- 2 Treasures of pow'r and grace divine
United, in my Saviour shine;
Nor other name but his is giv'n,
To lead us to the joys of heav'n.
- 3 True living bread his hands bestow;
Pure living waters round him flow;
And shall I from the fountain fly,
And in the parching desert die?
- 4 Words of eternal life are stor'd
In the rich gospel of my Lord:
Can I immortal hopes consign
To luxury's gulph, or mammon's mine?
- 5 Forbid it, Author of my frame,
Great God! from whom my spirit came:
Thy Son can endless life bestow;
To whom but him, then, should I go?

627. C. M. DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

The examples of Jesus and his faithful servants.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourners here below ;
Their eyes were dimm'd with tears ;
And hard they strove, as we would now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 And ask we, whence their vict'ry came ?—
They with united breath
Ascribe their triumph to his name,
Who burst the bands of death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;
And foll'wing their triumphant Lord ;
They reach'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

628. L. M. SCOTT.

Christian privileges and obligations.

- 1 HOW many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death !

While God allots my share of time,
Within his gospel's favour'd clime.

2 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?

Shall I my great vocation stain ?

Away, ye works in darkness wrought !

Away, each sensual, earthly thought !

3 My soul, I charge thee to excel

In thinking right and acting well ;

Deep let thy searching pow'rs engage,

Unbiass'd, in the sacred page.

4 Heighten the force of good desire ;

To deeds of shining worth aspire ;

More firm in fortitude, despise

The world's seducing vanities.

5 Strong, and more strong, thy passions rule,

Advancing still in virtue's school ;

Contending still, with noble strife,

To imitate thy Saviour's life.

TO PART XIV.

Life, Death, Judgment, and a Future State.

629. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

The last account.

- 1 THE time draws near, when thou, my soul!
Thy last account must give;
When thy whole life shall be survey'd,
By him who bade thee live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God!
Hast thou bestow'd on me!
But yet how few can there be found
Devoted, LORD! to thee!
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word
The talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my LORD.
- 4 Much of my time, alas! I've lost,
And much have I mispent;
How careless of my grand concern!
On trifles how intent!
- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom,
My holy care excite;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy work delight!

630. C. M. P. HOUGHTON.

The re-union of the virtuous after death.

- 1 BLEST hour, when virtuous friends shall
 meet,
 Their earthly sorrows o'er ;
And with celestial welcome greet,
 On an immortal shore !
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child ;
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,
 With endless bliss is crown'd ;
All that was dead revives again ;
 All that was lost, is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, ling'ring still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanding pow'rs.
- 5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their Father marks the gen'rous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.

TO PART XV.

Particular Occasions.

631. L. M. DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

Jesus Christ the image of the unseen God.

- 1 THOU, LORD, by mortal eyes unseen,
And by thine offspring here unknown,
To manifest thyself to men,
Hast set thine image in thy Son.
- 2 As the bright sun's meridian blaze
O'erwhelms and pains our feeble sight,
But cheers us with his softer rays,
When shining with reflected light ;
- 3 So in thy Son, thy pow'r divine,
Thy wisdom, justice, truth, and love,
With mild and pleasing lustre shine,
Reflected from thy throne above.
- 4 Though they who granted not his claim
Contemptuous turn'd away their face ;
Yet those who trusted in his name,
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.
- 5 O thou ! at whose almighty word,
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

- 6 While we thine image there display'd,
 With love and admiration view,
 Form us in likeness to our Head,
 That we may bear thine image too.

632. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Contemplation of the character of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy
 Let all our best affections move,
 When we on Christ our thoughts employ,
 On him whom though unseen we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,
 Hath he in all things kindly giv'n
 To make our path of duty sure,
 And guide our wand'ring steps to heav'n !
- 3 In all he did, with joy we view
 The lofty purpose of his soul ;
 Man's earth-born passions to subdue,
 And all the pow'r of sin control.
- 4 Father of all ! his God and ours !
 Accept the humble, fervent praise,
 Which, with our souls' united pow'rs,
 For thy rich grace through him, we raise.

633. L. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

" See how he loved !"

- 1 " SEE how he lov'd !" exclaim'd the Jews,
 When Jesus over Laz'rus wept ;
 My grateful heart the words shall use,
 While on his life my eye is kept.

- 2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
But all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 4 And shall such love meet no return ?
Nor wake the passions of the breast ?
Shall not our grateful bosoms burn,
To prove our love by every test ?
- 5 Yes, we will love thee, Saviour, Guide
For thou hast lov'd us—O how well !
More than all earthly friends beside,
More than our feeble lips can tell !

634. C. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Reflections on the death of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue :
"Father forgive," he meekly pray'd,
"They know not what they do."
- 3 O what a love was here display'd
Beyond our utmost thought !

How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught !

- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapply'd ;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 'twas for us he died.

635. L. M. DRUMMOND.

The memory of Jesus.

- 1 YES, long as mem'ry to my brain
Recalls a feature of the past,
There shall my Saviour's image reign,
And of its treasures be the last.
- 2 O holy feast ! for grosser sense
Ordain'd not,—sweet refreshment give ;
And that pure nutriment dispense,
On which my faith and hope may live.
- 3 This bread, as manna from the sky,
O may it feed my hungry soul,
And health and strength and speed supply,
To run to virtue's heav'nly goal !
- 4 And may this emblem of his blood,
The cheering fruitage of the vine,
Send to my heart a thrilling flood
Of love, of joy, and grace divine !
- 5 And may this heart ne'er cease to glow
With rapt devotion, God ! to thee ;—
And all the gratitude I owe
To him who gave his life for me !

- 6 If I forget thee, blessed Lord!
O may my hand forget her skill,
Nor longer may my voice accord
To be the herald of my will.
- 7 But may each pow'r its task forego,—
Be all my bosom's chords unstrung,
Extinct my spirit's vivid glow,
And bound in frozen sleep my tongue!

636. C. M. NEW YORK COLLECTION.

A communion hymn.

- 1 O GOD! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have giv'n;
And let this hallow'd scene have pow'r
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free;
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our pow'rs, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft, along life's dang'rous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

637. C. M. LIVERPOOL, PARADISE ST COLL.

A communion hymn.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And ev'ry heart harmonious move,
And ev'ry thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The pray'r devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 Thy kingdom come : we watch, we wait
To hear the cheering call ;
When heav'n shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

638. L. M. NEW YORK COLLECTION.

A communion hymn.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love !
That sent the Saviour from above,
To free our race from sin and woe,
And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
We thank thee that he liv'd and taught
Frail and imperfect man, to be
In humble mode resembling thee.

- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through ev'ry age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.
- 4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight;
O fill our souls with bread divine,
And nourish us with heav'nly wine.

639. S. M. NEW YORK COLLECTION.

A communion hymn.

- 1 YES, to the last command
We will obedient prove;
Around his table will we stand,
In mem'ry of his love.
- 2 His precious blood he shed
For our unworthy race,
While uttering in th' Almighty's stead
His messages of grace.
- 3 O, if our senseless pride
His dying words neglect,
'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
And we who God reject!
- 4 Then let us ever keep
This consecrated feast,
'Till mem'ry shall have sunk to sleep,
Or life itself have ceas'd.

640. S. M. F.

A communion hymn.

- 1 HERE, in the broken bread ;
 Here, in the cup we take ;
 His body and his blood behold,
 Who suffer'd for our sake.
- 2 Yes, that our souls might live,
 Those sacred limbs were torn ;
 That blood was spilt, and pangs untold,
 Were by the Saviour borne.
- 3 O thou who didst allow
 Thy Son to suffer thus ;
 Father ! what more couldst thou have done,
 Than thou hast done for us.
- 4 We are persuaded now,
 That nothing can divide
 Thy children from thy boundless love ;
 Display'd in him who died—
- 5 Who died to make us sure
 Of mercy, truth and peace ;
 And from the pow'r and pains of sin
 To bring a full release.

641. S. M. F.

A communion hymn.

- 1 O FOR a prophet's fire,
 O for an angel's tongue,
 To speak the mighty love of him
 Who on the cross was hung !

- 2 In vain our hearts attempt
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burn'd,
That flame unquenchable !
- 3 Yet would we praise that love,
Beyond expression dear :
Come, gather round this table then,
And celebrate it here.
- 4 Here, in the bread and wine
Your dying Saviour view ;
Thus did he give his body up,
And thus his blood for you.
- 5 These symbols of his death,
O with what pow'r they speak !
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres
Compar'd with these are weak.
- 6 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls ?
Forbid it, God ! while thro' our veins
The vital current rolls.

642. P. M. EXETER COLLECTION.

Desires after christian obedience.

- 1 FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us our Lord hath spread
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.
- 2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear ;

Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

- 3 Love to God and-man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,—
Joy attend us in believing!
Peace from God through endless day!

643. P. M. DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

Close of the year.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Finished here probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay;
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Quick the destin'd mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
So our brief and transient days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, LORD! our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

644. L. M. RIPPON'S COLLECTION ALTERED.

On the dangerous sickness of a minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r.
- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save !
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In ev'ry heart his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God! impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay :
Support him through the gloomy way.
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

645. P. M. KIPPIS; DABNEY'S COLLECTION.

Thanksgiving for national prosperity.

- 1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almighty King !
From thee our public blessings spring :
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.
- 2 Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which pours from every foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise,
Our voices to our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.
- 3 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To GOD we raise united songs ;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim,
This land through ev'ry age shall own,
That here the LORD has fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.
- 4 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,
O still may GOD amidst us reign ;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.—

646. C. M. RIPPON'S COLLECTION.

Evening of the Lord's day.

- 1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, LORD! forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O LORD! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our pow'rs employ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
With never ending joy.



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Anonymous	9	Drummond	3
Arbuckle	1	Dyer	2
Barbault	12	Edinburgh Collection	6
Berridge	1	E.	1
Birmingham Collection	3	Enfield	2
Blacklock	4	Enfield's Collection	4
Bowden	1	Exeter Collection	16
Boyse	2	Fawcett	2
Bristol Collection, L. M.	6	Flexman	1
Bristol Collection, B. M.	1	F.	3
Browne	7	Gentleman's Magazine	4
Burns	1	Gregg	1
Butcher	6	Grove	1
B. B.	1	H. A.	1
Cappe's Selection	2	Hampson	1
Carter	2	Heginbotham	2
Cotton	5	Houghton	1
Cowper	7	Jervis	15
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